THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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—BY—
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GEORGE WARREN, Editor.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing
—EXECUTED—
With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The girl I left behind me
Was pretty and all that;
Bright golden ringlets glistened
Beneath her airy hat.

She had a dainty figure,
Her hands were small and white,
Her mouth was like a rose-bud,
Her eyes were warm and bright.

Her way was light and graceful—
She was a roguish elf—
A sweet bewitching fairy,
And well supplied with pelf.

She sang like any wild bird,
She danced with wondrous art,
And looked just like an angel
In her red village-cart.

Full often in the moonlight
We took a little stroll,
And sat beneath the hemlock
Upon the lonely knoll.

This girl I left behind me
Was just a lovely girl;
She was a perfect daisy,
Likewise a precious pearl.

Often I think about her,
And the sweet long ago.
Why did I go and leave her
Behind me, would you know?

That girl I left behind me,
And swiftly ceased to woo,
Simply, oh, simply, simply
Because she asked me to.

—*Puck.*

THE FORCES BENEATH US.

The Phenomena of Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

The intensity of the subterranean forces over any given area of the earth's surface is in a constant state of ebb and flow, now rising to a flood of great power, now ebbing into a long period of quiescence, and then again gathering force for a new and awful manifestation of energy. It would seem that the volcanic forces of Southern Europe are again approaching a period of maximum intensity. But so recently as the summer of 1883, the beautiful little island of Ischia was convulsed by earthquake shocks. It was the season of the year when all was at its gayest and brightest, the little capital being filled by the many Neapolitans and Romans who find it so delightful a retreat in summer. On a bright July evening, when all were sitting out in the clear, calm air, under a cloudless sky, there came a sudden earth-throe, and in a few seconds the charming town of Casamicciola was a shapeless heap of ruins; whilst the other small towns which dot the little island shared in a less degree the same fate. Only two years before another shock had been experienced over the same area, but the earthquake of 1883 was of much greater intensity than that which preceded it.

It is but a few months, too, since the subterranean forces seemed to threaten an outbreak in our own country, manifesting their gathering energy by a slight earth-tremor in Suffolk; and now Spain has been the scene of their awful activity. On Christmas night last, the inhabitants of Madrid were thrown into a state of alarm by two slight vibrations. On the same evening more violent earthquakes occurred in the provinces of Andalusia, Malaga and Granada. In the town of the latter [illegible] repetition of the shocks, camped out in squares and other open places. On the morning of the 26th three severe shocks were felt at Granada; whilst at Torrox, in the same province, several yet more violent shocks were experienced later in the same day. The greater part of the Alhama has been overthrown, more than half the inhabitants of Albunuelas killed, and the cathedrals of Seville and Granada seriously damaged. Each day the provinces of Granada and Malaga were shaken by fresh earth-throes, and the loss of life has been very great. The subterranean forces augmented in intensity daily, reaching a maximum on December 31, when a more severe shock than any experienced previously was felt at Granada, that being the tenth which up to that date had occurred there. The inhabitants were panic-stricken; thousands fled from their homes; those who remained paced the streets in religious processions, headed by their priests, imploring the Divine clemency. From this date the shocks were less violent in character, although a severe one shook Alhama on January 12, and they have now happily altogether ceased. About the same time, an earthquake seems to have been experienced at sea, the Captain of a Cadiz bark reporting a shock, accompanied by a loud roaring noise, on December 18, when he was not long out of Cadiz, seven days, however, before the first shocks were experienced in the Spanish provinces.

Often in the world's history must Spain have been the field of volcanic activity, as her crumbling caves remain to attest, and it was in this corner of Europe that the greatest manifestation of subterranean energy in modern times occurred. The story of the earthquake which one hundred and thirty years ago destroyed Lisbon is a familiar one. Then, as in the case of the present earthquake, the inhabitants do not appear to have had any warning of the coming danger; but suddenly a noise like the rolling of thunder was heard underground, this being followed immediately by a tremendous shock, which threw down the greater part of the city, and in the course of a few minutes sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired, and then rose to a height of fifty feet above its ordinary level; and the new quay just completed, on which the people had collected for safety, sank with all its human freight; and where it had stood, there was afterwards found to be one hundred fathoms of water, if, indeed, as some accounts say, the sea was not there unfathomable. The effects of this earthquake were felt over so large a region that it has been calculated a portion of the earth's surface equal to four times the area of Europe was included within its range. From the West Indies and the great inland lakes of Canada it extended its range to our own country, to Sweden, and to North Germany. The shock then, too, was also felt at sea, producing an effect similar to that which follows when a vessel strikes a sunken rock or runs aground.

But whilst earthquakes may thus seem to happen without the slightest warning, there can be but little doubt that their apparent suddenness is due either to want of observation or to a wilful disregard of the signs which indicate the advent of subterranean outbursts. Their approach is usually heralded in many ways—underground noises, gaseous emanations from the soil, the drying up of wells, a change in the temperature of thermal springs, haziness in the air, being the more general forerunners of these phenomena. At such periods, too, a sense of dizziness is often experienced by dwellers in the threatened locality, whilst microcosmical instruments, if there be any in the district, will register slight variations of subterranean activity. During the continuance of the earthquake the ground often heaves like the sea, producing feelings akin to the familiar pangs of sea-sickness; rivers seek fresh channels; large fissures open in the earth, and permanent changes take place in the geographical features of the country. Thus the series of earthquakes which in 1826 and 1827 visited New Zealand, caused so distinct a change that the former features of the coast could be no longer recognized. The earthquakes of the present century in Chili have produced a permanent elevation of the coast there; and recent subterranean outburts in Java have considerably modified the geography of that region.

Concerning the origin of these phenomena, so far-reaching in their effects, it must be admitted that the true theory has never yet been framed. Early speculations were much tinged with the superstitions of the time; and even so late as the beginning of the present century we find a lingering remnant of this superstitious regard of physical phenomena in the naming, by the inhabitants of Sindree, of a mound thrown up during the Indus earthquake, "Ullah Bund," or the Mound of God.

It is obvious that the study of these interesting phenomena is beset with many difficulties. Observation can often only be made at imminent personal risk. Yet, spite of this, beginning with the few observers and the almost mythical records of the days of Pliny, the fascinating subject has continued to attract an ever increasing circle of students, who have ever more earnestly endeavored to pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds it. Each fresh manifestation of subterranean energy is now watched with increased interest. Whenever possible, the sequence of events is noted with extreme detail, old theories become weakened, fresh ideas confirmed, and new avenues of thought open themselves to the earnest investigator at every step.

With the phenomena of earthquakes, those of volcanoes are closely linked, volcanic outbursts being frequently heralded and accompanied by earthquake shocks; and there can be little doubt that the two are most intimately bound up, if, indeed, they are not two effects arising from a single cause. This being so, the facts which surround the one class of phenomena may be drawn upon in attempting to frame an explanation whence and how either originates. That some portions of the earth's interior are in an immensely heated condition, the nature of the materials ejected from volcanic vents renders evident, and observation has also clearly demonstrated the fact that the temperature increases from the surface of the earth downwards, the average increase being one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet of descent. Now, from considerations connected with the figure of the earth and the other members of the system to which it belongs, it has, with much probability, been inferred that the solar system has evolved from one of those glowing gaseous aggregations termed nebulæ, that "this world was once a fluid haze of light;" and that when it first existed as an independent body it was in a state [illegible] a residue of which now gives rise to volcanic phenomena.

What happened, then, as our earth radiated its primitive heat into space? The question is a vexed one. So many men, so many minds. One class of theorists, not giving sufficient weight to the fact that the increase of pressure towards the earth's center would tend to keep matter solid there under the influence of high temperatures, suppose that the process of radiation by the earth into space has, throughout the lapse of ages, resulted in the formation of a solid external crust covering a still fluid nucleus. But this class of theorists is, like the volcanoes of Britain, practically extinct, or is at least as subdued and unpretending as the Suffolk earthquake. Other geologists, giving more weight to the fact of increase of pressure towards the earth's center, consider that its condition is that of a body with a solid nucleus and a solid external crust, between which there still remains a residue of liquid matter.

In objection to both these views it has been shown that for the earth to maintain its rigidity under the moon's attraction, such a crust must be of enormous thickness, of so great a thickness, indeed, that Sir William Thomson, who investigated the matter, prefers to consider the earth as a solid globe cooling by contraction. On this view of the earth's condition, volcanic phenomena are explained as the result of the conversion into heat of the mechanical force of contraction; while earthquakes may themselves be regarded as proceeding from the crushing and bending of the rocks by the stress of contraction itself. Again, there are those who regard the earth as a globe mainly solid throughout, but with lakes of liquid matter in various parts near the surface, remnants of its former heat, and believe that it is from these lakes, as the earth continues to contract, that matter is forced into volcanic vents to feed their intermittent fires; whilst, looking at the fact that earthquakes so frequently precede an eruption, these earth-tremors may from this point be regarded as ineffectual efforts by the pent-up subterranean forces to establish a volcanic outburst; and since the observations of Mr. Mallet in earthquake localities have demonstrated the fact that shocks emanate from centers near the earth's surface, being sometimes nearer, and sometimes further, as the shocks are mainly horizontal or mainly vertical in character, there would seem to be some probability in this latter view of the origin of the subterranean forces; but there are many arguments which militate against its acceptance.

There are those also who, while they regard the matter of the earth as being in a really solid condition, yet conceive that some portions of it may be in a state of potential liquidity; that is to say, ready to assume the liquid form on a release of pressure; and when it is remembered that a barometric fall of two inches—a by no means remarkable circumstance—means the removal of millions of pounds of air-pressure from off the surface of the earth, it seems as though there might be some truth in this view also; but it loses probability when we reflect that for this release of pressure to be effectual in producing liquidity, it is necessary that the solid matter of the earth should be just on that borderland between the solid and liquid states, which it is so difficult to imagine can often be the case; and it must be finally admitted that science has yet to frame a perfectly satisfactory explanation of these interesting phenomena.

Human nature is too apt to dwell upon the awful results of these evident and striking manifestations of nature, and to pass over her more regular and noiseless, yet far more potent, activity. It must not, therefore, be forgotten that these subterranean outbursts we have been considering are but the more violent and pronounced examples of a slow and gradual process of upheaval and depression which is going on at all portions of the earth's surface. And these movements of the earth's crust, whether they be the slow upheaval and depression to which reference has just been made, or the cataclysmal efforts of an earthquake or volcanic outburst, are in the main most beneficial to man, and have an important influence on his progress and well-being. It is the short-sighted philosophy of imperfect knowledge which regards only the evil which such catastrophes produce. The heated regions of the earth's crust where the volcanic forces are in energy are the laboratories of nature, where her most valued gems and minerals are produced; whilst the earth-throes which devastate a country, and seem to be fraught only with evil to mankind, bring the rock containing them to the surface; and we may strangely reflect that, but for these eruptive efforts, iron, and many other minerals which have contributed to the comfort and progress of man, might for ever have remained unknown to him. One of "the fairy tales of science and the long result of time" is the gradual change in the relative positions of continent and sea which these oscillations of the earth's crust have brought about. Our own island has now been submerged until the sea washed its mountain tops, now elevated until it ceased to be an island, and Father Thames flowed across a great stretch of land, which filled up the North Sea, to join the great Rhine, the two streams pouring their united waters almost within the arctic circle. So, over all the earth; continents have grown out of the sea, and great lands have given place to vast oceans. "The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of time." Everywhere, flux and change—growth and decay; only fixed and unalterable the immutable and eternal laws which govern it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SURREPTITIOUS RIDES.

A Tramp Discusses the Various Methods of Securing Free Transportation.

"This is terribly bad weather to ride on the bumpers," said a sorrowful-looking tramp as he endeavored to thaw out his hands with his breath, and by slapping them together and holding them in his arm-pits. "It's a hard place to ride, because a fellow has to hold on all the time. If he should let go once he would drop off, and that would be the last of him. What do we ride on the bumpers for? 'Cause that's about the only place on a train a fellow can get these days where the brakemen won't bother him. The train men stick pretty close to the caboose this cold weather. If they would see one of us gentlemen on the top of a car, though, they'd come out long enough to put him off. So we ride on the bumpers and they don't see us. When the train stops we hop off, for the men come out then, and when it starts up we jump on again. It's tough sometimes, though, because a bumper is [illegible] Delaware and Lackawanna cars are the best for a fellow, because they've all got little platforms on both ends, and a traveler can ride on them like a daisy."

"Some fellows ride on the trucks under the cars," continued the tramp, as he blew on his hands again. "It's a hard place, though; it's so dirty. Another place is on a passenger train on the first platform. The engineer and fireman see us, but they don't care. It's the brakemen who bother the life out of us. Now, a person would think the first platform a good place to ride, but it isn't. The cinders are terrible. We have to fight 'em every minute. They get in our eyes if we keep them open, and if we shut our peelers the hot cinders fall on our broadcloth and burn holes in our garments.

"You've heard of the baker-shop racket, haven't you? No. That's queer. You see we travelers sometimes get hungry, and then we work the bakery racket. We go into a bakery and ask for a job, pretending we're first-class bakers just out of work. We go around in the shop looking with the eye of a critic at the stuff the men are baking, as if we knew all about it, and help ourselves to fresh cakes and good things, just to try 'em, you know. The men don't care, because we're bakers. I've been in many a bake-shop and helped myself to all I wanted, when if they knew I was a moulder and not a baker they would kick me out. They don't generally want to hire a man just then, but when we do strike a job we work the boss for a small loan, if we can, and promise to be around the next morning ready for business. The next morning we are generally trying the dodge on some other bake-shop.—*Cleveland Herald.*

AN UNLUCKY PROPHET.

How an Italian Seer Was Treated When He Prophesied Falsely.

An Italian "hermit" has recently experienced in his own person the wisdom of the maxim which runs "never prophesy unless you know." This "hermit" had somehow or other acquired the reputation of being able to divine the future, even to the foretelling of the numbers which would win prizes at the next lottery draw. Upon being consulted by a farmer of Avellino named Tozzi, the hermit had the imprudence to select three numbers, and it unfortunately happened that when the draw took place these numbers all won prizes. This fact soon became known, and the hermit's modest cell was besieged by the whole population of the district, who believed that at last the philosopher's stone had been discovered. But the hermit's good luck was not destined to be renewed, and after the peasants had been reduced to beggary by "following" the holy man's "tips," several of them determined to have their revenge upon him. Tozzi, the man who had won in the first instance, but had lost all his winnings back with heavy interest, took the lead in this conspiracy, and the hermit was entrapped into a lonely house, where several of his victims had assembled. They proceeded to break both his arms with an iron bar, placed him in an empty cask, and took him into the house of Tozzi himself, where he was locked up in a barn and had his wounds roughly dressed by a village barber. Altogether he remained three months in captivity, with nothing but straw to lie upon, and little to eat, and he would probably have died in the barn if chance had not put the police on the track of his persecutors, ten of whom have been arrested and are about to be tried. It is fortunate for the sporting "prophets" at home that failure does not entail such consequences as these.—*London News.*

A MODERN INVENTOR.

The Sad Story of a Wife Whose Husband Was Afflicted With a Mania for Invention.

Imagine what a trial in the family a man must be who every week or two thinks he has invented a new machine of some kind, or some labor-saving instrument by which he declares he is "going to make his fortune." Such a man ought to take a walk through the Patent-office at Washington and see the myriads, acres and tons of models of useless inventions that were, as the authors of them thought, to revolutionize American Industry. The Baltimore *American* reports the woes of the wife of such a man, as told by herself, and there is a lesson in the burlesque:

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?"

"What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady.

"William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but he will invent. He goes inventing around from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort.

"I didn't object when he invented a fire-escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how the thing worked.

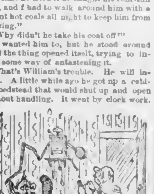
"Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until

morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing."

"Why didn't he take his coat off?"

"I wanted him to, but he stood around until the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it.

"That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut up and open without handling. It went by clock work.



William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till the next morning, when it flew open and disclosed William with the life almost smothered out of him."

And Still They Are Friends.

Jones—"I hear that the handsome young tenor of your choir is to marry the charming soprano. Sing-ular, is it not?"

Smith—"Yes, each struck a chord in the other's heart, it did not take long to register their views and it will be a note-able wedding. They will spend their honeymoon on the high Cs."

"Very romantic off-air, no doubt."

"Well, no, except that they met by chants."

A Bad Sign.

"Why, what's the matter, Susie? You look as if you had been crying all night."

"Oh, Nellie, I fear George no longer cares for me."

"Nonsense! What makes you think so?"

"Why, I tried every way to get up a quarrel with him last evening, but he—boo—he—boo hoo—let me have my own way every time."

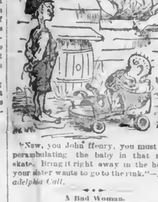
BUBBY stubbed his toe and came crying to his mother. "There, there, Bubby," she said, after she had ascertained that the injury was trifling; "you are too big a boy to cry over a little thing like that." "B-but what a-am I to do, mamma?" he asked, sobbingly; "I ain't b-big enough to swear."

ADAM and Eve introduced undressed kids along with the fall styles.—*South and West.*

TO THE drunkard life is reel; to the industrious life is earn-nest.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—An Arkansas citizen had a sick mule. He said to his colored man: "You know Dr. A., don't you, Sam?" "Yes, sah, but I don't fink nuffin' ob 'im, boss. He 'fused to 'scribe fo' me wen I war sick las' week. Sed he didn't 'scribe fo' niggahs." "That's all right. He doctors horses, doesn't he?" "I believe he do, boss." "Well, you go down and tell him I have a sick mule and want him at once." "'Taint no use, he won't cum. Dat doctor 'scribes fo' white folks an' horses, boss, but he draws de line at niggahs an' mules."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

Roller Skating in Chicago.



"Now, you John Henry, you must stop perambulating the baby in that roller skate. Bring it right away in the house; your sister wants to go to the rink."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Bad Woman.

"Now, the best thing you can do," said the Judge to an old negro who had applied for a divorce, "is to go home and behave yourself."

"Yas, sah."

"I do not see why you should not get along all right."

"Yas, sah."

"We all have to make sacrifices."

"Yas, sah, so I heah 'em say, but mighty few men haster put up wid sich er wife ez I'se got. I ken stan' de common run o' wimmen, but dat pusson, Jedge, is rank pizen. W'y, sah, if she wuz er sleep an' wuster dream dat I wuz enjoyin' myse'f, she'd wake herse'f up an' see dat de enjoyment wuz stopped right dar. She like ter died some time ergo. Wuz mighty in hopes dat I wuz gwine ter lose her, but when she foun' dat I wuz pleased, blame ef she didn't turn ober an' git well. She's a bad 'oman, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Keats' Example.

"Here is something I just dashed off, and my friends are so delighted with it that at their earnest request I brought it to you." And he slid contentedly into a chair just vacated by an exchange fiend.

"Do you write much of this sort of stuff?" inquired the editor.

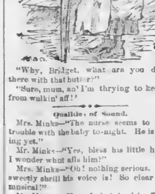
"You wish to know, I suppose, if I often ascend into the realms of poesy? Yes, very often, and all my poems are highly praised by my friends. They call me the American Keats."

"Ah! I sincerely hope you will emulate his example."

"Oh, thank you."

"Yes, Keats died young."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Oleo-Margery-Butter-ine.



"Why, Bridget, what are you doing there with that butter?"

"Sure, mum, an' I'm thrying to keep it from walkin' aff!"

Qualities of Sound.

Mrs. Minks—"The nurse seems to have trouble with the baby to-night. He is crying yet."

Mr. Minks—"Yes, bless his little heart. I wonder what ails him?"

Mrs. Minks—"Oh! nothing serious. How sweetly shrill his voice is! So clear and musical!"

Mr. Minks—"Yes, I—but hark! Those sounds do not come from our nursery. They come through the walls from the next house."

Mrs. Minks—"Mercy! So they do. Why can't people have sense enough to give their squalling brats paregoric or something, instead of letting them yell like screech owls."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Bad Memory.

"Captain," said a grocery keeper, addressing a well-known gentleman, "do you remember that sack of flour you ordered some time ago?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it."

"I suppose so, but I don't remember that you ever paid for it."

"My dear sir, I am not responsible for your bad memory. I have remembered my part of it. Memory is a peculiar faculty, and it is susceptible of great cultivation. Some of the Grecians could repeat volumes of poetry. Well, good morning."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Two Famous Light-Weight Champions.

"Faith, Jimmy, and it was a great t'ought av yers to do away wid other delivery wagons!"

GLASS cloth has failed to become a popular fabric, though its price is only $20 a yard. Perhaps its comparative cheapness is against it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—It is conceded, we believe, that the Lick telescope, when completed and mounted in the observatory prepared for it at Mount Hamilton, will be the largest instrument of the kind in the world. It is understood that the lenses have been successfully cast, and only need polishing to be ready for use. In looking through this telescope it is reckoned that the moon will be brought within thirty miles of the earth, and that discoveries will be made on that plane, to solve problems that have heretofore been held to be unsolvable.—

SUDDEN CONVERSIONS.

Highly Commendable if One Could Only Be Sure of Their Sincerity.

The sudden conversion of our Republican friends to the excellent doctrine of civil-service reform and their vigorous denunciation of partisanship, and of aught relating to the spoils system, would be highly commendable if the people were only convinced of their sincerity. But the circumstances under which the conversion took place, and the notorious system of corruption which grew to such enormous proportions under the fostering care of the Republican party, are apt to make people very incredulous. The condition which the public service reached under the administration of that party was thus admirably described by Mr. Bayard over two years ago: "Original appointment to office no longer depends on character, capability or presumed or proven fitness, nor does the tenure depend upon fitness or capacity; but unhesitating service as a political and personal partisan, to whom scruple of any kind will be only an incumbrance, has become the most reliable groundwork for success in procuring or retaining public office. Thus, gradually, an army of mercenaries has been organized, who are strong enough to control conventions and nominating assemblies, set at defiance public opinion, and laugh to scorn public conscience." A party that encouraged and developed such a system is not exactly a reliable authority on civil service or non-partisan principles.

Then beneath the sheep's clothing of civil service professions the partisan wolf is being constantly revealed. It is shown in the bitter opposition of the Republican Senate here against the nomination of a Democrat to a petty office by a Democratic Governor. It is evidenced in the relentless war waged upon Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, by the Republican members of the Legislature. It is constantly peeping out in the columns of Republican newspapers. Yet every movement of the new Administration is jealously watched by those newly-converted reformers who are prepared to howl against partisanship. They, who claimed every office by right of party conquest and introduced the practice of making appointments, promotions and removals in the subordinate civil service on the basis of official favoritism or partisan interests, are now the most clamorous advocates of Civil-Service Reform and would go to the extent of depriving the President and his cabinet of all liberty of action. They forget that the procuring of office by improper means and the use of office for partisan purposes strike at the very foundations of Civil-Service Reform. How many Republican officeholders can say that they have not sinned in either particular? The purpose of the Democratic administration is to apply the Civil-Service rules to those in office as well as to office seekers and careful and [illegible] application of such rules and [illegible] But we would earnestly urge our Republican friends to refrain from over-indulgence in comment on Civil-Service Reform, lest their new-born zeal might be interpreted in this wise:

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

—*Albany Argus.*

A POLITICAL BUGABOO.

One of the Republican Fictions Dissipated by Cleveland's Inaugural.

Not the least of the unscrupulous methods adopted by the Republican party to hold on to power was the attempt to scare the negroes of the South by predicting the most horrible misfortunes for them should the Democrats ever gain possession of the Administration. Astounding lies were promulgated among those people that they would be subjected to a condition of slavery or at least deprived of all rights of citizenship. Republican newspapers came out with the most audacious statements of the hostility of the Democrats against the colored people and Republican orators warned them of the fate they might expect should they falter in their allegiance to them. For a time those methods had the desired effect and the Democratic bugaboo kept the colored citizens of the South loyal to the party in power in Washington. But after their sad experience of carpet-bag governments and the collapse of the Freedmen's Bank they began to think over the matter more seriously and to realize that their interests were identified with those of their former masters, and that as free citizens they should aid the white people of the South to establish a sound Government and to develop the illimitable resources of their section by industry and harmonious action. They did so and the result has fully justified the wisdom of their course. They enjoy not only the blessings of freedom, but the rewards of well-directed labor and their relations with their former masters are of the most friendly and profitable kind. When the Democratic Administration came into power at Washington there was a certain feeling of fear among the negroes, fostered by the mendacious proclamations of Messrs. Blaine, Evarts & Co. They were led to believe that some of the first measures of the party in power would be directed against them and they awaited the inauguration with some anxiety. All their fears vanished at the ringing words of President Cleveland:

In the administration of a Government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights, or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation, and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities.

Now, their leader, Frederick Douglass, assures them that those words of the President removes any cause for fear that they may have felt, and leave nothing for the colored people to criticise. The citizen will be guarded in all his rights, and the constitutional amendments are irrevocable. Thus a bugaboo has been laid to rest and the bloody shirt consigned to the rag-bag. Not all the eloquence of Blaine, Evarts or Sherman can alter the opinion of the colored people of the South, that their interests are perfectly safe in the hands of "Massa Cleveland." There is nothing like truth in the long run. Before its bright light all the elaborate structure of Republican lies and misrepresentation is vanishing as an ice palace in the rays of the sun. The union of the white and colored people will be made closer and more enduring through the influence of the Democratic Administration.—*N. Y. World.*

THE DRY ROT SET IN.

First Symptoms of the Final Disintegration.

If any evidence was needed that the Republican party is hopelessly rent, the quarrel between Senators Morrill and Aldrich on one side and Sherman on the other supplies it. It has been the boast of the Republican organs that the party was homogeneous on all subjects. That its parts were cemented by a common policy covering all questions of public interest has been the claim most dwelt on by the advocates of Republican supremacy. North, South, East and West, they have exultantly insisted that there was but one opinion among those of the Republican faith, and upon that false claim more than any other has been predicated the arguments in favor of continuing that party in power.

It now transpires that there is no common sentiment among the Republicans on any important question. Upon the tariff the opinions of the leading partisans are widely divergent. Indeed, so bitter has the antagonism become, that they can no longer trust themselves together in the ordinary affairs of life. The quarrel between Morrill and Sherman sharply illustrates this. During a recent conference the Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee demanded that the tariff rates on wool existing previous to the reduction made in pursuance of the tariff commission's recommendation, be restored. To this Mr. Sherman objected, and the controversy that followed grew so acrimonious that the friendly relations between the gentlemen were severed. It is now said that the real reason which influenced Mr. Sherman to refuse service on the Finance Committee was that he was unwilling to associate with Messrs. Morrill and Aldrich.

If the Republican party had continued in power such a disruption would not have occurred. The cohesive influence of plunder would have held the discordant elements together a while longer, and Sherman and his colleagues would have continued to fraternize in the hope that individual or party gain might follow the hypocrisy. But there is now no magnet to draw these elements together, and the example which the leading men have set will be followed by others until the fragments of the "grand old party" are scattered about in every direction. There is no unity, no harmony and no hope. From this time hence it will be a scamper for the crumbs, and in the disgraceful wrangle that may be expected, even the remnants of Republicanism will disappear.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

THE DEMAND OF THE PARTY.

Let All Useless Offices Be Abolished and the Balance Filled by Democrats.

It is entirely natural for aspirants for political favor to hear with feelings of consternation of a movement to reduce the number of offices. The chances of applicants to reach [illegible] proportion as the number of offices are diminished. Looking at the matter from an individual standpoint, therefore, the candidates are more than likely to object to the policy adopted by the new Administration in cutting off sinecures, and reducing the number of offices as far as the necessities of the public service will permit.

But the public is not to be judged by the temper of the office-seekers in this matter or any other. There were nearly five million votes cast for Cleveland. It is estimated that there are about half a million candidates for office, or about one in ten of the Democratic voters hope to get a reward for their party services in appointments to office. Of this number probably one in ten objects to the reduction in the number of places contemplated by the Administration. It will thus be seen that the complainers constitute a small proportion of the people.

What the Democratic people of the country want is not that the Administration will continue sinecures in order to provide place for the greatest possible number of their party associates, but that after the useless offices are dispensed with the balance be filled with competent, honest and deserving Democrats. Indeed there are few office hunters who are not willing to relinquish their own hopes, provided that other Democrats are called to fill the places. They would complain, and justly, too, if those who spent time and money to prevent the triumph of the Democratic candidates and the principles they represent, were permitted to continue in the enjoyment of the offices. After all, political interest is fed largely by hopes of political rewards, and while the rewards may be given without detriment to the public service, no just complaint can be made against such a course.—*Exchange.*

BEGINNING AT HOME.

An Experiment Which Will Infuse Health and Efficiency Into the Public Service.

The Secretaries of the Interior Departments and the Department of Justice are men of simple and inexpensive tastes. Mr. Lamar thought a boarding-house that was good enough for a Senator would do very well for a Cabinet officer, and as he did not have half a dozen horses, carriages and coachmen in the former position, he can not see the necessity of them in that which he now occupies. Mr. Garland views the subject in a similar light, and while their action in ordering the sale of all the equipages and their belongings that have been kept for private uses, doubtless accords with their own preferences, it is also an indication of a general policy to be pursued by this Administration. The supernumeries must go. "The working necessities" of each position will be the test applied in its equipment. This will doubtless elicit some criticism from those on the alert for developments to sneer at, because the saving will be comparatively small so far as it applies to the Presidential family. But to indicate so clearly what the spirit of the Administration is and to exemplify at headquarters the policy of lopping off all that has no legitimate relation to the public service will do much to restore the morale in all branches of the Government. Example is more forcible than precept, though precept, when it is understood to mean example, acquires a significance that is instantly respected. There can be no doubt that not only in the departments, but in many custom-houses and post-offices and other places a large force of hangers-on has been encouraged by the prodigal and vicious methods of the past. These suggest a good place for the application of the pruning-knife. It may not be pleasant for the redundant members, but it will infuse health and efficiency into the public service.—*Boston Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mr. J. L. Sibley, the librarian of Harvard College, is eighty years old.

—All the Massachusetts towns and cities are obliged to give school books and other supplies to the pupils free.—*Boston Post.*

—At Yale thirty per cent. of the Freshmen room in the college buildings; at Harvard forty-eight per cent.; and at Princeton eighty-four per cent.

—The sexton of a New York church has a crank in his pew, by turning which he regulates the temperature of the house during service.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The University of Cairo, in Egypt, said to be nine hundred years older than Oxford, has ten thousand students, who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

—A church paper makes the positive assertion in regard to Christian workers, that in most churches "about nine-tenths of the work is done by less than one-tenth of the members."—*Chicago Herald.*

—During 1883 the six faculties of medicine in France conferred 662 diplomas of doctor of medicine, viz: Lille 20, Nancy 21, Lyons 43, Bordeaux 44, Montpelier 69, and Paris 465. During the same year 692 diplomas of medicine were conferred in Germany.

—The total cost of maintaining the common schools of the State of New York last year was $11,834,911. The number of pupils was 1,000,057. These figures acquire a peculiar interest when one considers what New York was when Sir Moses Montefiore was a boy.—*Current.*

—Russia is so far behind in educational matters that in the rural districts the village priest is the only teacher available for the education of the children of the working classes, while even in such a city as Moscow, with 100,000 children of school age, there is only school accommodation for 7,000. In technical education, however, the two great schools in Moscow and St. Petersburg are among the finest in Europe in point of equipment and endowment. The capital also contains efficient schools for education in mining and engineering pursuits.

—President White, of Cornell University, believes in the value of athletic sports as a part of college life, and cites the fact that while he was at Yale the sixteen men who composed the boat's crew were not only the best men in college physically, but were also the best mentally. While this may be true enough, the tuition-paying public may still properly insist that the college authorities shall see to it that the students shall be continually reminded that the chief business of college-life is study.—*Chicago Current.*

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, having been interviewed by one of the staff of the *Methodist Times*, gives this report of the financial condition of the army: "Our own people contribute about $1,500,000 a year. We get about $100,000 from outsiders. The last two [illegible] that withdrew some subscriptions from the ordinary work. We have not yet recovered from that great effort. But $25,000 is all we want now to put ourselves in easy financial circumstances."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If advertisements were allowed on the Washington monument everybody, for a wonder, would not want their cards "at the top of the column.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Josh Billings: "When I was a young man I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting. Now I am older I seize the small end and do all the grunting."

—"Shall I take your love to your mother?" said a lady visitor who was going to see the mother in question to a little child of three years. "She has my love," was the quaint reply.

—Brown—"Yes, I'm going to take a short trip through the South. I don't care so much about it myself. I only go to please my wife, you know." Fogg—"Ah! I see. You leave Mrs. Brown at home, then."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Did you say that your wife never gave you a curtain lecture after you came home late at night?" "She never did." "How is that?" "She always goes along with me when I go out."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Those persistent purists who claim that one should invariably say: "The lamp was lighted," will of course make no definite or vigorous kick against saying "the young man chased out of the garden gate by the infuriated mastiff was hited."—*Chicago Telegram.*

—The brain of an adult man weighs on an average forty-eight ounces while that of the average adult woman weighs forty-four ounces, and yet woman is far superior to man mentally. I have obtained this information from a lady friend who is entirely trustworthy.—*Bill Nye.*

—It is said that bees will never sting a person whose head is smeared with molasses. The bother of it is, when a man has incurred the animosity of a colony of bees, he doesn't have much time to go home, get molasses and spread it on his epidermis. The old-fashioned way is the best—just run.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "if your father borrows $100 and promises to pay $10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars," said Johnnie. "I'm afraid you don't know your lesson very well," remarked the teacher. "I may not know my lesson very well," Johnny frankly acknowledged, "but I know my father."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Too sad to be continued:

There was a little man,
And he had a little can,
And a quart or more of kerosene was in it;
And upon the kitchen fire,
To make it burn still higher,
He poured the oil, and in much less than
quarter of a minute
There was no little can.
There was no little man—
The tale's too sad—I can't go on—O, why
did I begin it?

—*Margaret Ettinge, in Detroit Free Press.*

Sweet Things.

"Sweet things are very bad for you, dear," said a fond mother to her little six-year-old boy, who had the end of a fast waning stick of candy in his mouth.

"And is sweet things bad for papa, too?" asked the innocent child, releasing the stick from his mouth for only an instant.

"Yes," said the mother.

"I thought so," replied the boy, as the last end of the stick disappeared.

"Why did you think so, my boy?"

"Because he always goes out when you begin to sing 'Sweet Violets.'"

If that boy lives he may manipulate the bones some night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, and other Pains and Aches.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
PROMPT, SAFE, SURE
Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

We, Too, Have Tested It.

To the Public:

In view of the harmful results which so frequently attend the use of so-called patent or proprietary cough syrups containing morphia, opium and other equally dangerous drugs, the undersigned, physicians of Maryland, take pleasure in endorsing the official opinions expressed by the Commissioner of Health of Baltimore; Dr. Samuel K. Cox, analytical chemist, of Washington, and other authorities to the effect that the RED STAR COUGH CURE is not only a perfectly harmless, but at the same time an original and most effective remedy, and that it commends itself alike for being entirely vegetable—free from opiates, poisons and narcotics—and for its prompt efficacy, as demonstrated by practical tests.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 12, 1885.

C. FAWCETT, M. D., For thirty-three years Resident Physician Union Protestant Infirmary.

J. J. GROSS, M. D., St. Vincent's Hospital.

J. D. FISKE, M. D., Port Physician.

S. R. MORSE, M. D., Marine Hospital.

CHAS. W. FILLER, M. D., Physician to Fire Department.

JAMES GORE, M. D., Baltimore County, Maryland.

JOHN J. CALDWELL, M. D., Author of "Electro-Therapeutics," &c., and Member of Medical Societies of New York, Brooklyn and Baltimore.

[illegible]

Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to "Suffer" With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily With Hop Bitters!!!

[illegible]

[illegible]

33,000 YOUNG MEN HAVE FOUND EASTMAN COLLEGE

[illegible]

I CURE FITS!

[illegible]

$250 A MONTH. [illegible]

The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN. : : KENTUCKY.

ON AN OLD SONG.

Little snatch of ancient song,
What has made thee live so long?
Flying on thy wings of rhyme
Lightly down the depths of time,
Telling nothing strange or rare,
Scarce a thought or image there,
Nothing but the old, old tale
Of a hapless lover's wail;
Offspring of some idle hour,
Whence has come thy lasting power?
By what turn of rhythm or phrase,
By what subtle, careless grace
Can thy music charm our ears
After full three hundred years?

Little song, since thou wert born
In the reformation morn,
How much great has past away,
Shattered or by slow decay:
Stately piles in ruins crumbled,
Lordly houses lost or humbled,
Thrones and realms in darkness hurled,
Noble flags forever furled,
Wisest schemes by statesmen spun,
Time has seen them one by one
Like the leaves of autumn fall—
A little song outlives them all.

There were mighty scholars then
With the slow, laborious pen
Piling up their works of learning,
Men of solid, deep discerning,
Widely famous as they taught
Systems of connected thought
Destined for all future ages;
Now the cobweb binds their pages,
All unread their volumes lie
Moldering so peaceably.
Coffined thoughts of coffined men,
Never more to stir again
In the passion and the strife,
In the fleeting forms of life;
All their force and meaning goes
As the stream of thought flows on.

Art thou weary, little song,
Flying through the world so long?
Canst thou on thy fairy pinions
Cleave the future's dark dominions?
And with music soft and clear
Charm the yet unfashioned ear,
Mingling with the things unborn
When perchance another morn
Great as that which gave thee birth
Dawns upon the changing earth?
It may be so, for all around
With a heavy crashing sound,
Like the ice of polar seas
Melting in the summer breeze,
Signs of change are gathering fast,
Nations breaking with their past.

The pulse of thought is beating quicker,
The lamp of fate begins to flicker,
The ancient reverence decays
With forms and types of other days;
And old beliefs grow faint and few
As knowledge molds the world anew,
And scatters far and wide the seeds
Of other hopes and other creeds;
And all in vain we seek to trace
The fortunes of the coming race,
Some with fear and some with hope,
None can cast its horoscope.
Vap'rous lamp or rising star,
Many a light is seen afar,
And dim, shapeless figures loom
All around us in the gloom—
Forces that may rise and reign
As the old ideals wane.

Landmarks of the human mind
One by one are left behind,
And a subtle change is wrought
In the mold and cast of thought;
Modes of reasoning pass away,
Types of beauty lose their sway,
Creeds and causes that have made
Many noble lives must fade;
And the words that thrilled of old
Now seem hopeless, dead and cold;
Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,
Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;
All things perish, and the strongest
Often do not last the longest;
The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore;
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of time.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

IN A BLIZZARD.

How "Fisherman" Tim's Truthfulness Was Vindicated.

"Yes, there's been lots of storms 'long about Christmas time late years," began "Fisherman" Tim: "and speakin' of 'em reminds me of one out in Dakota, le's see, it must be ten years ago this Christmas—"

"Ah, come now!" interposed "Skep" Thompson, so called from his consistent disbelief in everything, from "Fisherman" Tim's stories up to what the parson preached on Sunday; "come, now, if you *must* tell a story, Tim, draw it mild. The last fish story was 'most *too* big. Jest for once give us something reason'ble."

Tim had been relating an experience of his which had occurred while he had been sharking in the South Pacific. His pseudonym of "Fisherman" had been derived from his alleged adventures among the finny tribes of those distant waters, which adventures being of a kind entirely unfamiliar to the dwellers in the small Wisconsin town in which Tim was now residing, were considered by them to be largely the product of the "Fisherman's" imagination. Still, they were interesting, and even "Skep" Thompson, the very loudest to denounce their fictitious character, was sure to be around whenever Tim was known to be in a story-telling mood. Tim himself always protested that everything which he related was strictly true.

"Some day," he would remark, "you fellows will find out that you've been abusin' me. One of the South Sea Islanders or somebody else will happen along this way, and you'll feel pretty mean to think how you've gone for me and my yarns all these years."

But such speeches as these were considered as only a part of Tim's stock-in-trade, and as further exhibiting his skill in the art of lying.

On this particular night—a certain bitter cold Christmas Eve not many years ago—a little knot of men were assembled around the glowing stove in Titus Perrin's store. Titus Perrin's store was the main source of the creature comforts of the little village, and also the usual stamping-ground for the more reputable portion of the townspeople during the winter evenings. No liquor was sold there, and Titus Perrin's wife, a "smart," and not unrefined woman, who kept her husband's books with care and ability, was always sitting at her desk in the corner at such times, making the atmosphere of the place distinctly purer and more wholesome for her presence.

They had succeeded in "waking up" "Fisherman" Tim at an early hour of the evening. It was cold and stormy, as Tim had intimated; and as the rattling blasts shook the little store they had listened with eagerness—but with more incredulity than ever—to one of his familiar shark stories. Tim's picture of the warm Southern seas, in which men dove scores of feet, and leaped, and cut up all sorts of antics, was utterly incomprehensible in a Wisconsin winter, with the thermometer at ten degrees below zero. Even Mrs. Titus Perrin, the sole person who ever implicitly believed Tim, had had to admit that this particular story was a trifle "steep." She usually asserted, as increasing Tim's credibility, that he was one of those lucky people of whom it might be said, as of one of Mrs. Whitney's well-known characters, that "where he was, things happened," which was the reason why he always had so many strange adventures to tell. Even the expression of her doubt in this instance was tempered with charity.

"I think it *might* be true, Tim," she had added. "You always pay your bills and keep your promises, and I always try to believe such men till they are proved false."

"Beats all what women will swaller!" laughed "Skep" Thompson.

Mrs. Titus Perrin's sister, Mrs Hardaway, who had just arrived in town to pay her sister a visit, after many years' absence in the far West, had brought her sewing in from the living room behind the store to keep her sister company. Her son, a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who had attended her on her journey, was among the group of men around the stove. Mrs. Hardaway evidently did not agree with her sister, and she now took occasion to say so.

"I didn't believe it," she remarked, coldly. "It's just as hard for some women to swallow lies as it is for some men."

They all laughed.

"Yes, I suppose so," said "Skep" Thompson. "But Tim here counts most too much on everybody's ability to swaller. You can talk, Tim. I'll own you're glib as if you'd been to college, and hang me if I don't rather enjoy hearin' you on the whole. But you mustn't expect us to *believe* you, that's all."

"All right," said "Fisherman" Tim, with imperturbable good nature. "I don't know as I can expect an ignoramus like you, Skep, to understand these yarns. It's like tellin' a blind man about colors, or those fellows down there where I used to be about ice. They never would believe that there could be such a thing. But, goodness knows, I don't want to talk any more. My tongue's downright tired."

"O, no!" said Titus Perrin, encouragingly; "you were going to say something about Dakota. That's a change. Maybe Skep could understand that. He's been to Dakota himself. Let's have it."

The men, after cracking a few more jokes at Tim's expense, gradually assumed a listening attitude, and that oracle proceeded.

"You see, Lem Schroeder—he was a Minnesota man I used to know—and I were up north, prospectin'. It was just after I came back from the tropics. I knew I was growin' old, and I didn't want to die down there, so I was comin' north to settle. Lem was a peddler, and he had a good team, so, as we peddled along the way, we hadn't been at much expense, and we'd had a pretty good time. It was late in September when we set out, and when it got into November, and pretty squally, we both thought we'd better be gettin' back to his place. Just then Lem took sick—hard sick, too.

"'Never mind,' says he. 'You take the cart and go off for a few days'—there was quite a lot of goods left—'and by the time you get back I'll be all right.'

"Well, there was a good farmer's wife up there promised to see to him, and I went off; but when I came back he wasn't any better, and the weeks went on, and still he didn't get well. The snow got deep, and I rather thought we'd better winter up there, but nothin' would do for Lem but he must go home; so, as soon as he got pretty strong again, we started. We'd planned it so that we could get from one place to another pretty comfortable every day, and if there was a storm we'd put up till it blew over.

"It was Christmas mornin' when we started, before light, and clear and cold as a piece of ice. The sun came out, though, after awhile, bright enough. The snow was deep, but it was packed hard, and we drove over the smooth prairie like mad. At noon we stopped for dinner at a farmer's named Perkins, but we didn' want to lose much time such a good day, so we were on the road again shortly after one.

"It was along about half-past two when, all of a sudden, Lem looked off at the sky behind us, and, says he, 'What in thunder is that black cloud?' —and, sure enough, right back of us was a big cloud; and yet not a cloud neither, a sort of a darkness, more like—you know how it looked if you've ever been in a regular blizzard—and it wasn't creepin', it was comin' along faster than any express train you ever saw. We whipped up as lively as we could, and Lem headed for a little house that we could just see way off on the sky-line. But the cloud was goin' about a hundred times as fast as we were, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before we knew it wasn't any use, our tearin' along so. So far as we saw, we had got to stand and take it the best way we could.

"It grew darker and darker around us, till it was all a kind of a twilight, but once in awhile this twilight would sorter lift like, and then we could see two or three clumps of trees there were in sight, and the little house off on the sky line, full six miles away, and they looked white, as if they were made of snow. I've heard since that that sort of thing is common in blizzards, but I didn't know it then, and we both thought it was mighty queer.

"There seemed to be a sort of gatherin' up of the air all the while. I couldn't think of anything only that there was a great giant close by us, puttin' all the air there was into a big bag so as to fling it out on us afterward in awful winds. What made it seem more like this was that it grew close, sorter suffocatin'-like, made it hard for us to breathe, and the whole thing made us feel afraid; just as I used to when I was a little shaver and they shut me up in the dark.

"I guess my face was as white as Lem's—and it couldn't have been much whiter, poor fellow!—when he turned round to me, and, says he, 'Tim,' says he, 'it's on us. We can't reach the house. I'm afraid we're gone.'

"Just then there was a gust came—a whirlin', blindin' sort of gust, full of snow, and Lem just caught hold of my hand and shook it. 'O, my God!' says he, 'we can't stand this! Good-bye, Tim: give 'em my love if you ever get home.' I didn't say anything like that: I was dazed-like, and, besides, I hadn't been sick, and I supposed I felt a little stronger.

"Gust number two struck us before we were fairly over the first one. The cart swayed and toppled, and we both jumped down and cut the horses loose, just as the cart fell over, and went to smash, and everything in it blew out of sight quicker'n a wink. The horses galloped off before the wind, snortin' and kickin', and I never saw 'em again.

"We sorter lay down on the snow and caught hold of each other, but the next whirl that came separated us, and poor Lem was gone, the first I knew. I suppose he was killed, for he has never been seen or heard of from that day. I don't know why I wasn't carried off the same way. I tell you that wind was something—well—awful. There isn't any word I know, though, that begins to express it."

"No," put in Mrs. Hardaway, at this point, as though she had spoken without meaning it, in her absorption in Tim's narrative. "No, it's worse than awful. I've been there: I know how it is."

Tim's countenance lighted up, and a noticeable increase of respect for his story was indicated upon the face of his auditors. It seemed at least to be brought down to the level of probability by Mrs. Hardaway's impulsive words.

"Yes, it is worse than awful," went on Tim, after a moment, "and it had a coldness in it that seemed somehow to take the heart right out of me. Maybe some of you have felt a good strong earthquake shock, and you know how sorter weakly that makes you feel. Well, this gave me just such a feeling as I've had in earthquakes; and this just didn't let up in a little while, as the first two did, it just kept right on a whirlin' and a blowin', as if it wasn't ever goin' to let up. It blew me over the snow like a feather, but, as luck would have it, it didn't take me up in the air, as I've heard it does take men sometimes; I lodged against an uncommon high pile of snow, and there I lay, nearly frozen to death. I was havin' a regular hand-to-hand fight with the storm, when all of a sudden the cloud of snow that was over me sorter tore in two, and I could see a house, or a part of one, half tipped over, and not a dozen rods away from me. I knew in a minute that it must be the little house that Lem and I had seen off on the sky-line."

"O—h—h!" cried "Skep" Thompson. "Le's see! that house was six miles off at last accounts."

"I don't care!" insisted Tim, stoutly. "When that snow-cloud sorter broke I could have thrown a stone, if I'd had one, and hit that house, weak as I was. It was seein' that that roused me up. It really seemed to give me courage, and I crept along toward it on all fours. Such a hash as there was! There were pieces of a pigsty and a hen-coop, and, as true as I live, if there wasn't part of a baby's cradle!

"'Lord!' thinks I, 'where's the baby? Can it be that father and mother and children have all been killed?'

"I managed to get up alongside of the hen-coop, and there I had to stop. It seemed as if I lay there an hour, though likely it wasn't half as long as that. My ears were full of a ringin', and my eye-balls, and all of me, for that matter, ached so with the cold that I felt as though I would rather die than not—when, all of a sudden, as I was a lyin', stupid-like, side of the hen-coop, the wind stilled down a little, and I heard a noise of cryin'. Then the wind come up again, and then there was another hush, and then come up that little, wailin', baby's cry again. It *was* a baby's cry, and no mistake and it did seem to me, even if I *was* all used up, as if I couldn't let a little baby die out in that cold without trying to save it. So I just gathered up all my strength, and tried to make for the noise. Two or three times I keeled over, with my eyes and ears and nose full of snow, though I had been tied up and bundled up fit to kill when we started out; but, at last, after I'd felt and felt around in the blindin' storm and darkness, I found her. She was a little thing, couldn't have been more than six months old, and her little dress was jammed in under the side of the house. It was a miracle she hadn't been jammed in there, too, but bein' so close under the edge was all that had saved her, for the house was stuck in so tight it couldn't move, and it sorter protected her from the storm. O, she was a white, pretty little thing!—not a scrap of a hood or anything on her head, her little thin dress a-freezin' on her, and her little baby hair all stiff with ice. She was 'most gone, I could see that, but I managed to undo my fur coat, and tear her dress out from under the house, and then I hugged her up and covered her as close as I could with the coat. O, but she was pleased! She snuggled down, that little thing! tight up to me, and sighed long, sobbin' sighs, and shut up her pretty little eyes, as quiet and contented-like as if she was taking a nice little nap.

"Then came the worst time of all, but the piece of the house that jutted over us stood firm. I don't know how long this lasted, for it took my senses clear away. There seemed to be a noise in my head like twenty locomotives all lettin' off steam at once, and that was the last I knew. I reckon I never was so near the Valley of the Shadow of Death I was just then."

Tim paused a moment, mopped his face vigorously, and resumed.

"But that last clap was the end of it, and I seemed to come to after awhile, with a sound of singin' somewhere near me. I started a little before I thought of the baby, and then I felt her lyin' heavy and cold inside of my coat.

"'Wake up, little kid!' says I. 'The storm's gone down and here we are. May be we'll find your folks, but if we can't, your Uncle Tim'll look out for you. Wake up!'

"I kissed and kissed her little face, and it was growin' lighter and lighter, so that I could see how pretty and sorter tender-like she looked; but she never moved. Her heart had stopped beatin'. The poor little thing was dead."

Tim stopped again—this time to wipe his eyes: and some of his auditors were suspiciously busy over their own.

"But the singin'" [illegible] singin' [illegible] a-hearin' it and a-hearin' [illegible] I laid the baby down, careful-like, under the edge of the house, and went huntin' around for that singin'. The sky was as clear as a bell now, but I could see the snow-cloud whirlin' along down the prairie, and I knew they were ketchin' it further on. I peeked into the house, but that was pretty much broke up. The whole thing had separated, so far as I could judge, into two or three parts, and it didn't take me long to see whoever that was singin' wasn't in there. I poked along—I reckon it was in a crazy sort of way, for I was about dragged out—when, all of a sudden, I came to the top of a big hogshead. It was planted sorter sideways in the snow, and packed in hard as a rock. A little piece was smashed out of it near the top, and the nearer to it I came the surer I was that the singin' came out of that. I peeked in at the hole, and, sure enough, there was a little boy, all muffled up in a bed-quilt, and he was singin' away as chipper as you please. I saw in a minute that the hogshead had come down on him as he had been lyin' or a-crouchin' down on the snow."

"O, come now!" drawled "Skep" Thompson, with the air of a man who has borne all that could possibly be expected of him, and refuses to endure anything further.

"It's a fact," went on Tim, inflexibly. "It sounds big, but it is as true as preachin' that that hogshead had come down on that little fellow and been drove into the snow too deep to be moved again, and there, covered up with his bed-quilt and under that hogshead, that little chap had stood it through all of that storm. I wish I could think what it was he was singin'—an old tune. Maybe you'd believe me if I could think what it was. It's a Christian tune, too. Queer I can't think of it."

"Awful queer," said "Skep" Thompson, with an incredulous laugh, in which some of the others joined.

"It wasn't," began the Hardaway boy, with some agitation—"it wasn't like this, was it?" and he lifted up a pure boyish voice in two lines of the old hymn—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid."

Tim stood listening to him in a speechless transport of amazement.

"It was, though!" he cried enthusiastically, as the boy concluded. "Why, were you—it can't be—how did you happen——"

"Yes, but I was, though," said the boy, his face flushed, and his voice shaking. "I thought I knew what you were talkin' about, all along, but I thought I'd wait till you got through before I said anything. Our house was blown away just like that in Dakota ten years ago this Christmas. My little sister was killed, but my father and mother were saved by crawling into a hay-stack that had got stuck in a drift, and a hogshead fell on me, in just the way you told about, and saved me. I remember it all—well. There was a man there who dug me out, and you must be the man."

"I never!" "Have to give in!" "Beats all!" cried the men, in astonished chorus.

"You can ask my mother, if you don't believe me," said the boy. "I reckon she believes him, now."

They turned toward the place where Mrs. Hardaway had been sitting, but, unobserved amid the excitement of the last few moments, she had fallen on the floor, apparently overcome by the recollections induced by Tim's realistic recital, and there she lay in a dead faint.

"Fisherman" Tim's truthfulness was vindicated at last.—*Kate Upton Clark, in Christian Union.*

—Don't throw away bones, but convert them into fertilizers.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If you wish to clean up an old piece of ground that is filled with coarse grass, weeds and briars, turn in the sheep.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.—*N. Y. Herald.*

For chapped lips, beeswax dissolved in a small quantity of sweet oil, by heating carefully. Apply the salve two or three times a day, and avoid wetting the lips as much as possible.—*Savannah News.*

In buying a cow find out for yourself if she is what you want. Don't take anybody's word for it. A mean cow is such an intolerable nuisance that many men are strongly tempted to strain a point in order to get rid of her.—*Hartford Courant.*

Pork Cake: One pound of pork chopped fine, two cupfuls of boiling water, three cupfuls of coffee sugar, one cupful of molasses, seven cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of allspice, two pounds of fruit, more or less.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Too many, in breaking their horses, put them immediately to work. This custom, while effective, destroys somewhat the the temper and action of a horse. The most humane and profitable course to pursue is to make the work light at first, gradually increasing it until the full capacity of the horse is reached.—*Prairie Farmer.*

An exchange thinks a good substitute for the major portion of milk feed to calves can be made at a small cost as follows: One-half peck ground linseed, one peck of ground corn, one peck of ground oats, one peck of wheat bran; mix thoroughly and boil one pint of the mixture in three gallons of water, stirring often. After the first three days this can be almost wholly fed to calves, with only a quart of skim milk at each feed.

—Lemon Pudding. Beat the yelks of two eggs in a pudding dish; add two cupfuls of sugar; dissolve four tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water; stir into it two teacupfuls of boiling water, put in the juice of two lemons with the grated peel; mix all together with a teaspoonful of butter; bake about fifteen minutes. When done spread over the top the beaten whites of two eggs, previously sweetened with white sugar. Let it brown a moment in the oven. Serve either cold or hot.—*Boston Budget.*

—Chicken jelly for invalids: Half a raw chicken pounded with a mallet, bones and meat together; cover with cold water and heat very slowly in a covered vessel. Let it simmer until the meat is in rags and the water reduced one-half. Strain and press through a collander or coarse cloth. Season to taste and return to the fire for five minutes. Skim when cool. Keep it on ice and give it to the patient cold. For a change the jelly can be made into a sandwich with thin slices of bread and butter and will be found very nourishing.—*The Household.*

—A correspondent writes: "I saw a novel way of mending a woolen dress in which a round hole had been torn and where only a patch could remedy matters. The frayed portions around the tear were carefully smoothed, and a piece of the material, moistened with very thin mucilage, was placed under the hole. A heavy weight was put upon it until it was dry, when it was only possible to discover the mended place by careful observation." Surely worth while trying, for patches are premeditated poverty. It would, however, probably only answer for mending the skirt of a dress.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

ABOUT HENS.

[illegible] She possesses, too, a good deal of what in the popular slang is called "will power;" that is, she has the feminine proclivity of doing very much as she has a mind to, and this she even exerts in respect to laying eggs. It might be supposed that a hen cannot help but lay eggs when the fit is on her, but she can do as she pleases about this to a great extent, and when things are not just to her mind, she will strike work as quickly as a Yonkers carpet weaver, and leave her nest in a huff and go off and leave the egg she would have laid unlaid, so that it is a very important matter to have the nests both convenient and comfortable and placed about the house in such a manner as will give the hens plenty of choice to suit themselves. And even then a good many of them will not be suited after all that can be done, and will leave their eggs on the floor or in the yard as if in disgust at the arrangements. But when one understands the nature of a hen there is a way of compelling her to do as we want her by seeming to desire her to do something else. And the young poultry keeper can not learn this knowledge in any better way than by studying this subject of nests.

Birds instinctively hide their nests and do this so effectively that it is next to impossible to find a hen's nest under a brush heap or in a fence, although one may walk right into it. One may humor this habit by providing nests which seem to offer seclusion and are yet conveniently placed for the purpose of the poultry keeper. Once the nest is chosen it may be made permanent by good management. An excellent way is to have portable nest boxes which can be lifted and moved when desirable. This is very convenient when a hen begins to brood, because she will keep the nest she has been using in spite of all efforts to prevent her. The nest we have used for some years past is a box about sixteen inches square and twelve inches deep, made of two-inch strips nailed two inches apart to solid end-pieces twelve by sixteen inches and one inch thick. One of the twelve-inch sides has but two laths nailed at the bottom, so as to make a nest sixteen inches square on the ground with one of the twelve-inch sides having a front of four inches at the bottom to retain the nest in position and leave space for the hen to walk in from the ground. The lathed sides and bottom provide ample ventilation and coolness, and as the nest is set upon the ground the bottom of it has all the favorable conditions which the stolen nest in the fence row (proverbially the best of all nests) has. The nest is made of soft hay and the box is placed under the shelter of bushes or other protection provided in the yard or in the shadiest corners of the house. This nest is quite large enough for a brood and is readily taken after it has been selected by a brooding hen and removed with her to the apartment kept specially for the brooders. For twenty hens at least eight or ten nests should be provided, which avoids much quarreling and consequent breaking of eggs.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

—Anciently, in many parts of France, says a writer, when a sale of land took place it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses, accompanied by twelve little boys, and when the price of the land was paid and its surrender took place, the ears of the boys were pulled and they were severely beaten, so that the pain thus inflicted should leave an impression upon their memory, and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale. Later, when a criminal was being executed, parents whipped their children so that they might take warning by the example and keep in the path of virtue.

Farmers on the Baltic.

A more beautiful farming country does not exist than that along the southern shore of the Baltic. No fences mark the boundaries of the fertile farms which stretch away over the rolling hills to the distant horizon, all aglow with yellow grain. At intervals a clump of trees often seen intensely dark against the ripe grain shows where a farm-house stands, and giant wind-mills swing their sails on the highest hill-tops. The highway, a finely-built *chaussee*, leads straight across the country, only curving to pass through some village. Mountain ash, birch and cherry trees border the road in an unbroken rank. In the ditches and by the roadside grow countless varieties of wild flowers—a perfect paradise for the botanist. From the highest hill the eye meets to the south a succession of grain-fields. To the north, beyond the soft undulations of the cultivated hills, the Baltic shimmers in the strong sunlight, a narrow line, sharp at the horizon. The dimensions of the brick barns prove the accustomed magnitude of the harvest; the luxury of the farmers' houses tells of inherited success.—*Harper's Magazine.*

—Four-car trains running so near together that there is always one at every station and one between each two stations, are not sufficient to accommodate the travel on the New York Elevated Railway. Longer trains, which would require heavier engines, would shake the structure to pieces. Electricity is believed to offer the only solution to the difficulty, and a variety of experiments are about to be made. Edison's plan is to apply the propulsion through little dynamos carried on the forward truck of each car, all operated by the single engineer at the front of the train. His idea is to do away with the locomotive.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. Jacobs, of Lexington, Tenn., exhibited recently a black terrier dog that, for his peculiar and wonderful taste for tacks and small scraps of iron, perhaps has no rival. The dog is six years old, and it was about three years ago that this strange appetite was discovered. He has been known to eat two papers of tacks at one meal, and devours them or any small piece of iron with as much relish as other members of the canine race would a bone. His extraordinary diet has never had any depressing effect on his health.

—A flagstaff at Mount Vernon, W.T., 146 feet high, is claimed to be the longest unspliced spar in the United States.

Junior Vice Commander.

Mr. A. G. Alford, Junior Vice Department Commander of Md., G. A. R., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have kept St. Jacobs Oil by me and always found it a ready remedy for pains, aches and bruises. When suffering terribly a few weeks since with an ulcerated tooth, I could not get any rest, and I applied it. I was instantly relieved, and my suffering ceased from that time."

CHIMNEY sweeps prefer to wear dark soots. This smutch can be said in their favor.—*Maple Leaf.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A YOUNG lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course, at Chap. I.

"Over and Over Again."

Repetition is sometimes the only way to impress a truth upon the mind. Accordingly take notice that [illegible]rce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," [illegible] original Little Liver Pills) continue to be wonderfully effective in cases of sick and nervous headache, constipation, indigestion, rush of blood to the head, cold extremities, and all ailments arising from obstruction of the bodily functions. Their action is thorough yet gentle, and the ingredients being entirely vegetable, they can be taken with impunity into the most delicate stomach. All druggists.

"YOUR father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly. "I'm the only heir he has left."—*N. Y. Herald.*

IT takes money to start a business, but it will stop without any.

Old Inveterate Strictures

of the urethra, speedily and permanently cured by our improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"ARE you a little French girl?" they asked a dark-eyed miss, who was tripping across a steamer's deck. "No," said she; "I'm a Methodist."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

IT is not considered elegant to refer to a man as a duffer, but there can be no harm in remarking that they have a Dufferin India.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

TOMATOES were formerly called "love apples." They are certainly very soft and easily "mashed."

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"WHAT is the stuff that dreams are made of?" passionately inquired a poet. In one brief word, sir—pies.

WHEN everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

IN these "shutting-down" times it is evident that ten nulls do not make a cent.—*Lynn Item.*

A LOWELL genius has invented a trap with which he expects to catch cholera germs and thus put a check on the disease whenever it appears. The trap will be baited with green apples, tramps and a section of sewer-pipe.—*The Judge.*

A TWO-CENT cigarette never feels so cheap as when it is being sucked by a one-cent dude.—*Chicago Herald.*

A PHILOSOPHER says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for something to eat, and, if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it is happy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THIRTEEN is an unlucky number for a poor man to have in his family.

PROBABLY the quietest thing in the world is a buzz saw when it is not running.

"I DON'T like to have you go to the skating-rink so often, Gamaliel," said Crimsonbeak to his bookkeeper. "And why not, sir?" asked the employe, closing his ledger. "Well, you're apt to lose your footing, you know."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE rage for roller-skating has relegated the banana skin to the limbo of moss-grown jokes.—*N. Y. Journal.*

IN Bermuda the weather does not change for a week at a time, and the Philadelphia *Call* wants to know what they talk about there. Well, the onion might furnish them with a strong subject for conversation.—*Boston Budget.*

"ALL'S well that ends swell," as the sailor said when the wind went down.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PAINS in the stomach are never transparent enough to see through.—*Oil City Derrick.*

TOM says that it only took a little "e" to make a poet of Poe.

THE MAMMOTH DEWBERRY [illegible]

SEEDS, BULBS and PLANTS. [illegible]

Address, J. LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL, QUEENS CO., N.Y.

[illegible]

MAKE HENS LAY
CHICKEN CHOLERA
[illegible] I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DAIRYMEN and FARMERS should use only the "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda and Saleratus [illegible]

HOG DISEASES.—The "Arm and Hammer" brand Soda and Saleratus [illegible] HOG CHOLERA and other diseases. Mix with the animal's food.

"ARM & HAMMER BRAND"

[illegible]

College Songs
OF THE
AMERICAN COLLEGES.
BY HENRY RANDALL WAITE.

[illegible]

MODERN SINGING METHODS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

[illegible]

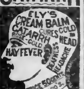
PUBLIC SCHOOL HYMNAL.

[illegible]

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, New York.

CATARRH



[illegible]

HAY-FEVER

[illegible] ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

[illegible]

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA!

[illegible]

Agents Wanted

[illegible]

PILES. ITCHING PILES.

[illegible]

SKIN DISEASES

CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug

[illegible]

DROPSY

[illegible]

Suffering Womanhood.

[illegible]

SMOKE "THEO" SOLD EVERYWHERE
5 CENTS.

[illegible]

LADY AGENTS

[illegible]

WANTED

[illegible]

$40

[illegible]

RUPTURE

[illegible]

Young Men

[illegible]

CANCER

[illegible]

CLOCKS [illegible] CLOCKS

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes

[illegible]

MUSIC

[illegible]

A.N.K.—B. 1044.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Many a Lady
is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Mr. Walter Kingman left for a visit to Des Moines, Iowa, Wednesday.

First Class PHOTOGRAPHS by WEATHERFORD & SWAN

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Judge left Tuesday night for New Orleans, to visit the Exposition.

SURE CURE for CHOLERA or GAPES in chickens—Salmon's Chicken Powder. Sold by J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

apr 3, 3t

—Our genial Dentist, Dr. W. A. Hudson, will be in Hickman next week. Office at Laclede.

The greatest variety of Ladies and Misses Shoes at PLAUT'S, warranted to fail to give satisfaction another pair will be given or money refunded. Also GODSHAW & PLAUT'S Hand Sewed for men—warranted.

—Mr. R. D. Watson, of this county, is spending several months at Dripping Springs, Hayes county, Texas.

HOGS! HOGS!! HOGS!!!

Why let them die with cholera when Haas' or Salmon's remedy will save them. Every package guaranteed. Sold by J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

apr 3, 3t

—2nd quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church, occurs the 11th and 12th instant. Elder W. T. Harris will be present.

PICTURES in cloudy as well as clear weather by WEATHERFORD & SWAN.

—Capt. Jeff Rogers of the Hickman L. & M. Co., left yesterday, for a trip through Kansas and the West, in the interest of his firm.

Ladies and Gentlemen desiring a fine Custom Shoe, will find the *latest style, best Goods*, and *lowest* prices at one store. We *warrant* every pair to give entire satisfaction, or *money refunded*. ALEXANDER & MAXWELL

—It now looks like a foregone fact that the next Kentucky Legislature will make the whipping-post the punishment for wife beaters. This will be a good law.

See our Mens, Youths and Boys, elegant line of cheap, medium and fine Clothing, before purchasing. ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

—Mrs. J. M. Coffee, of Malden, Mo., is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. D. Thomasson, and other Hickman friends, with whom she is always a welcome guest.

What $1.00 Will Buy From Alexander & Maxwell:

20 yds, Brown Domestic, yard wide.
20 " good Gingham Checks.
28 " " Calico, nice Styles.
28 " " Lawn, fast colors.
33 large check Towels. 30 in. long
20 pair Gents Cotton half Hose.
1 " Ladies Calf Shoes.
1 " Mens Full Stock Brogans.
4 good work Shirts.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. Buchanan, and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Gardner, left for New Orleans this week, to be absent sometime, visiting the New Orleans Exposition.

PHOTOGRAPH tent by WEATHERFORD & SWAN.

—Mr. B. F. Scates has bought an interest in the Union City Advance, and will hereafter be associated with Mr. N. B. Morton, in the publication of that valuable paper.

—... Charles Person, a young man born and raised at Hickman, died, suddenly, near Milan, Tenn., Sunday night last, of hemorage of the lungs. Sympathy is extended the bereaved relatives.

—The papers, daily and weekly, teem with accidents by which ladies are fatally burned, their clothing catching fire. Why will ladies be so careless about their skirts when in the vicinity of fire?

—The new machinery for the Hickman L. and M. Company has been received, but the failure to send some necessary pieces will cause a further delay of some days before it can be put in motion.

—The Drummers of Kentucky have nominated a ticket for State officers, and members of the Legislature in each county. It is said other States will organize, and that in 1888 a Presidential ticket will be put in the field.

—Mr. John W. Cowgill, Grand Assistant Dictator, and Mr. Thomas Dillon, representative of the Hickman Lodge, leave Sunday, to attend the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor, which convenes in Louisville next week.

—Dr. Waterfield, of Union City, performed a surgical operation some weeks since, and his hand became blood-poisoned by the operation, and the Doctor's life is now despaired of on account of it. So we learn.

—The Ohio and tributaries have been rising the past week at a lively rate, but latest advices report a fall at Pittsburgh. The Mississippi is falling at St. Louis. The river at Hickman is still remarkably low for the season.

—The refusal of the Republican Senate to confirm a number of Democratic appointments, left President Cleveland in no good humor, and he thinks the Republicans have done so to bring on a fight as to the powers of the President to "remove" officials, and will accept the challenge under the law.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of the live, enterprising house of J. W. Corman & Co., and specially to their stock of building material, sash, doors, blinds, mouldings, &c. They have a very large and complete assortment of hardware, tinware, &c., and purchasers would do well to give them a call.

—Corn is king, and the king workers are now busy getting ready for the great spring planting. The hard freezing during the winter will put the soil in the best of condition for spring planting, and the last few days have been exceedingly favorable for farm work. Good yields usually follow hard winters, and the farmer may reasonably expect rich returns for his labor this season.

—Bill Tedford, the "original tramp," has been spending some days in Hickman this week. He is a half-witted, idiotic tramp, who for forty years past has made an annual circuit through portions of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas. All the natives who have grown up in the sections referred to during the past half century know Bill Tedford. He must be between 65 and 70 years of age. Years ago, away back yonder before the great army of professional tramps was known to the country, Bill Tedford was in the business, and therefore deserves to be known as the "original tramp." He is harmless, innocent, honest, and sober in his habits. He is so well known all along the line of his travels that he never suffers for a good square meal, and worthless vagabond as he is, and always has been, yet most of the citizens always give him a hearty welcome.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box at Moore & Landrum's Drug Store.

—We are glad to hear that we are to have another industry in Hickman. Powell & Bro., will establish a cooper shop and will manufacture apple and potato barrels, and flour barrels for their mill. If we had a few more men of energy and push, who would invest their money in Hickman enterprises and property, like the Powell Bros., we would have a town right. Also, W. B. Plummer, is to establish a new saddle and harness shop; and W. T. Buckner, his carriage factory. It is such industries as these that makes the town and country.

A Startling Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak. writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of *Dr. King's* New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes.

Trial Bottles Free at Moore & Landrum's Drug Store. Large Size $1.00.

—Fulton last Friday night was the scene of a serious row. A bridge carpenter named Birdsong assaulted a young man named Peter Boone and the latter laid him out with a bottle. Birdsong had his skull broken and was thought to be fatally injured and has, perhaps, since died. The injured man worked for the Mississippi Central road and lived at Bardwell, Ballard county. Birdsong was drinking and had been put out of a saloon by the proprietor and Boone and for this assaulted Boone, who hit him with a beer bottle. Boone gave himself up. —[Paducah News.

—The rush to Buchanan's store continues to increase daily. He has had to increase his force of clerks to wait on his customers. He sells the best of Goods for the least money. His Stock is immense and his variety bewildering. He will discount all published prices. If you don't believe it, come and see.

—The dispatches announce that the reports of starvation and suffering in West Virginia have been greatly exaggerated. The result has been that large contributions of provisions and money have been sent to that district from Chicago, Cincinnati, New York and other points. A gentleman who has been investigating, says in no case has there been any suffering for food by the people, though the stock has suffered considerably, from the severe weather, and that there has been no need of outside aid.

"DONT YOU FOGET IT,"

H. Buchanan is the only man that sells the Celebrated Bryan & Brown Shoes, for ladies, misses and children, men and boys. These Shoes take the premium over all for good and fine workmanship, and is the most substantial Shoe made in the United States. Don't let others humbug you with some other make, and say it is just as good, but go to BUCHANAN'S, and buy the Shoe with Bryan & Brown's name on each Shoe.

—The outlook for the wheat crop of the country, and especially for Tennessee and Kentucky, is the worst that has been seen for many years. The almost entire absence of snows during the past winter, and the repeated freezes and thawings, accompanied by a large rainfall, have injured the wheat irremediably by throwing it out of the ground, exposing the roots to the wind and sun and killing at least thirty per cent. of the sowing of last fall.

—The robbers and housebreakers are still at work in and about Union City. Last week they entered the house of Postmaster Richards, stole his breeches containing some change and the keys to the post-office. Mr. Richards being aroused, got some help and guarded the post-office the balance of the night. The good citizens of the city hung some of these supposed thieves some weeks ago, but it is evident that more hanging is necessary—probably they have not struck the right squad yet.

—The elections in the larger cities, occurring this week, show, generally, Democratic victories. St. Louis goes 20,000 Democratic. And in Chicago, where the Republicans, led by Logan, made a desperate fight, the result is close, but the present news indicates that Harrison, Democrat, won.

—The Tennessee Legislature is in a fearful muddle. The Democratic majority is attempting to pass a Registration law, and 12 Republican Senators have bolted, to prevent a quorum. The Speaker issued his warrant for their arrest, and one of them, Senator Ramsey was so arrested. The Republicans then sued a writ of habeas corpus for Ramsey, which was not respected. This brings up a direct conflict between the Legislature and the Judiciary. It is an interesting situation.

—The dry goods trade of Hickman continues good, and the general trade tolerable. Money getting more plenty. Good market for butter, eggs, and garden products.

IN MEMORIAM.

Bloomed to-day;
But withered to-morrow.

Died, on the 30th of March, 1885, at Hickman, Ky, Verona Bell Luttrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Luttrell, aged 19 years, 3 months and 20 days.

The beautiful spring came to awake nature from her sleep, to make glad the face of earth, to enliven the souls of man and to twine its welcome sunbeams around their hearts; but this happy time could not come and take its departure without bearing off the life of one noble young girl—without casting a veil of mourning over one household and a shadow of sadness over the loved ones there. Snatched as she was, in the rich bloom of womanhood, from a happy home and a social circle, one of whose brightest ornaments she was considered, it is hard to realize that dear Verona has crossed the dark waters and passed through the pearly gates into the city celestial. From the beginning of her illness she seemed to think that she would not recover, and told me that if she did not she wouldn't be afraid to meet the summons. Her walk in life has been that of a pure and upright character, hence we have all hope that she sank sweetly asleep in the arms of Jesus. As we ministered to her during her sickness, we thought how beautiful, how fair she was and though her cheeks glowed so brightly with the joy of young life, yet they paled in the breath of death. Truly, "God loves a shining mark." No tears of friends, or love-pleadings of father and mother could stay the grim monster, death, and she is now buried out of sight. How tenderly she was loved by that father, we can understand when we saw his whole manhood convulsed with grief, and the deep sorrow of that mother was expressed as the cry went up from her crushed heart "Oh, Verona how I will miss thee!" A shock was given to the entire community as was manifested by the immense congregation that attended her funeral, as with tearful eyes and hushed voices they expressed their sorrow because of her death. Only two short months before, her darling brother, her youthful companion for these many years past, was taken from her loving companionship and though she mourned so bitterly her loss, yet she little thought then that their separation would be so brief. Oh! 'tis hard for even the true christian to say truthfully "Amen," and "Thy will be done." However, it will only be a matter of time for we all, verily one by one, pass over the river and journey across the valley and shadow of death. These are the links to be removed from friendship's chain. To her parents sisters and brother we extend our heartfelt sympathies. Though her sweet voice shall never again on earth make glad your hearts,

"Don't you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten a harp in the unknown land?
Oh! she waits for you with angel band,
Over the starry way."

And to him around whom her girlish affections twined and whose bride she was to have become, we also extend our sympathies, and though many miles separated them during her last days on earth, yet he was always remembered and spoken of with loving words. We commend him to the God she loved for comfort in this sad hour, for Verona is not dead but sleepeth and is now

A beautiful flower transplanted alive,
To bloom on that ever green shore,
From the streams of life's living waters sustained,
Will flourish and bloom forevermore.

A. T. T.

PHOTOGRAPH's by instantaneous process, WEATHERFORD & SWAN.

To the Citizens of Hickman.

The season of the year is approaching when epidemics prevail in different portions of the land, and it being a fact that they are not only generated but aggravated by filth, you are respectfully notified that it is the intention of the present city government to enforce strictly, the sanitary ordinances, and we hope that every good citizen, who values the health of himself and family, as well as that of his neighbor, will co-operate with us in this good work. You know what filth is; you know what constitutes a nuisance; remove the filth; abate the nuisance; don't wait for the officers to compel you to do it; use plenty of lime, coperas, and other disinfectants. Respectfully,

J. W. COWGILL,
Mayor.

Council Proceedings.

HICKMAN, KY, April 2, 1885.

Council met. Present—Councilmen Beckman, Case, French, Moore and Witting.

Mayor Cowgill being absent, on motion, Councilman Case was called to the chair.

On motion, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with.

ORDINANCE.

Councilman French offered the following ordinance:

WHEREAS Certain manuscript ordinances on license and privilege tax have been lost or mislaid and the record thereof has been destroyed by fire; therefore

Be it enacted by the City Council of the city of Hickman:

1st. That article 3 relating to privilege license be amended as to read, twenty five dollars for twelve months; fifteen dollars for six months, and ten dollars for three months; and that the words "not the producer or the manufacturer of the State of Kentucky," be stricken out.

2nd. On an itinerant photographer, or any person or persons taking pictures of any kind, five dollars per month.

3rd. On any shooting gallery, throwing balls, or any game whatever, five dollars per week.

4th. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of the foregoing ordinance shall be fined an amount equal to the license, recoverable by warrant in the City Court.

5th. This act to take effect from and after its passage.

On motion, said ordinance was passed its first reading.

On motion the rules were suspended and said ordinance passed its second and third reading.

On motion, said ordinance was put upon its final passage and unanimously adopted.

G. M. Wilburn, City Tax Collector, presented his official bond which, on motion, was accepted and ordered spread upon record.

On motion, the City Marshal is hereby ordered to notify the owner of lot 143 W. H., to fill up the sidewalk in front of said lot on the west end of Obion street.

On motion, Council adjourned.

Attest, R. E. MILLET, C. C.

LET THE "OLD PIONEERS,"

(BEEN HERE FIFTY-FOUR YEARS)

Tell The People What They Have to Sell.

Oliver Plows, one and two horse, Beams, Handles, Points, Mould Boards, Standards, Bolts, &c, &c.

Kalamazoo Plows, one and two horse, lower than was ever offered, "home or abroad." Two horse, cuts 12 inches, $7.00. One horse $4.00. Great bargain in these Plows which are classified to be equal to any Chilled Plows made.

Avery Plows, steel and cast, one and two horse, extras &c.

Meikle & Co's. line of Plows, points, &c. Blount's True Blue Plows, (Uris patent) "world beaters," which never enters a contest but to conquer, leaving the field crowing with the blue ribbon flying in the breeze.

A full line of Malta Double Shovels, Walking and Riding Cultivators, unquestionably the best in the world. Well, it makes us laugh, feel good, when we mention the True Blue Plows and Malta Cultivators, knowing, in our judgment, they are the best of their kind in America.

In addition to the above we have a full and complete line of Farm Implements Machinery, &c. Reapers, Mowers, Binders Corn Planters, check and drill; Wheat Drills $50.00; Sulky Breaking Plows $35; Corn Stalk Cutters, Hay Rakes, Sulky and Revolving; Hay Tedders Hay Forks, Threshers, Sorghum machinery, &c.

Field Seeds of the best, Lime, Salt, Cement, Plasterers Hair, Plaster Paris, and Land Plaster. Try Land Plaster, it is a world beater on Clover, &c. Poplar and Cypress Shingles. Feed of all kinds for Stock.

General assortment of Family Groceries. Prices as low as the lowest for first class goods.

Don't forget our prices on Flour. Fancy, high, straight grade, pure and sweet, $4.50 per barrel. Family $3 to $3.50. We cordially invite all to come, examine Goods and learn prices before buying, it will do you good.

Respectfully,

POWELL & BRO.

March 6th-tf

MARY HAYES,

HAIR DRESSER.

Braids, Curls, Puffs, Frizes, Bangs, made to order.

LADIES PLEASE CALL.

Special Notice.

All persons indebted to the firm of Bondurant & Drewry, will please come forward at an early day, and make settlement. Office at E. Collins' drug store—Alexander & Maxwell's old stand.

BONDURANT & DREWRY.

Hickman, Ky., Feb. 12, 1885.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

OLIVER AND AVERY Chilled plows.

We, also, keep constantly on hand the

MEIKLE & ROELKER

Steel Pl[illegible]

MALTA [illegible]
CULTIVATORS,
CORN DRILLS, &c.

Call and examine our PLOWS and prices. Lower than have ever been sold in this market.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LARGE

MUSE & SHAW.

New Drug Store.

E. COLLINS, Proprietor,

(Clinton Street, Alexander & Maxwell's Old Stand,)

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, DYESTUFFS,
TOILET ARTICLES, BRUSHES, SOAPS,
PERFUMERY, ETC., ETC.

The finest quality of LIQUORS for Medicinal purposes, Tobaccos, Cigars, etc. Everything fresh and new.

Save money by buying your Medicines, etc., from this house.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

An experienced and thoroughly competent prescriptionist engaged, and ready at all hours to fill prescriptions accurately and promptly.

Butcher Shop.

Having formed a partnership with M. D. Johnson, for carrying on the above business, the public are hereby notified that on and after the 1st day of April, we will supply them regularly with the best fresh beef, pork, &c., at the grocery house of

J. W. ROGERS.

ALL IN!

Our Stock is now complete in all departments with fresh seasonable

SPRING GOODS.

We are offering some rare bargains, and consumers will look well to their own interests by consulting the qualities and prices of our Goods. We are showing all the novelties and tints of the season in our

DRESS GOODS,

both of foreign and domestic manufacture. We have a perfect shipload of

White Goods, Laces, Swiss, Mull and Hamburg Embroideries, Real Irish Point, Linens, Crashes, Toweling, &c.,

which we are offering VERY LOW.

CLOTHING, ETC., ETC.

Our Clothing, Gents Furnishings, fine Shoes and Hats are superb. Don't fail to see them.

We are now carrying a very large stock of Trunks, Valises, Bags, Satchels, Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths, which we purchased direct from the manufacturers, thus enabling you to buy from first hands, and saving a middleman's profit. We have some very handsome patterns in our Carpets, and housekeepers should not do themselves the injustice of not seeing them. We guarantee our prices uniformly lowest on everything.

ALEXANDER & MAXWELL,

BUILDERS! CONTRACTORS!!

J. W. CORMAN & CO.,

Have in stock and are constantly adding a complete line of

Doors, Sash, Blinds and Mouldings,

and Builder's Hardware generally. A complete line of

Locks, Hinges, Butts and Screws, Nails,

of all kinds, from a Brad to 60d. A full line of Carpenters tools. Also,

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, TINWARE,

and Housekeepers Supplies generally.

COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK,

a specialty. We extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see us. Our prices will be as low as consistent with a legitimate business.

J. W. CORMAN & CO.

April 3, 1885.

[illegible] IS EASY

TO MAKE BIG CLAIMS in print, to say my Furniture "is the best," requires but a stroke of the pen and a little printer's ink; to back up the claim with the proof is a more difficult matter. None of my would-be rivals ever dare attempt to show in what respect their goods are "the best." "Not this evening, some other evening," is what they say when asked to give any solid reason for their claim, that they keep "the best" goods. This is a good way for people who keep inferior goods and wish to make them go by "blowing," but it is not my way.

QUALITY

is the thing that tells, and I propose to duplicate *LOW PRICES* with first-class Goods. This is the point and essence of this discourse, and makes horse sense instead of mere blowing about it. Perhaps you know what good *FURNITURE* is, and perhaps you don't; if you want the test give me a call and I will show you.

I am also agent for the light-running Diamond Sewing Machine, the ladies friend.

N. B.—I also have the best stock of Undertaker's Goods, and will duplicate *LOW PRICES.* Customers politely served on short notice. Store across the street from Holcombe's new drug store.

Respectfully,

E. T. GARDNER.

Moore & Landrum,

SUCCESSORS TO

T. P. FORTUNE & COMPANY.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, BOOKS, STATIONARY, and School Supplies, Fancy GOODS, TOYS, and PICTURES, DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, PAINTS, OILS

AGENTS FOR THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE. WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE.

R. L. MOORE can be found at Dr. FARIS' Office, to attend night calls at Moore & Landrum's.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

TAX SALE.

By virtue of taxes due the State of Kentucky, I will, on Monday, the 13th day of April, 1885, at 1 o'clock, p. m., offer for sale for cash at the court house door in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, the following real estate belonging to the parties named herein to satisfy the taxes and cost due on same unless said taxes and costs are sooner paid:

NAMES OF TAX PAYERS.	Land and No. of acres.	Nearest resident.	Precinct.	No. of Town lots.	City or Town located.	Years due.	Taxes Due.	Cost Due.	Total Taxes and Cost.
Catlett, Geo.			3	2	East Hickman.	1883-'84	55	$1 50	$2 05
Fraley, Fred.			3	1	Old Hickman.	1883-'84	$2 40	1 65	4 05
Curd, E. H. hrs.	320	Swamp land.	6			1883-'84	2 17	1 63	3 80
Shaw, Mike	90	J. O. A. Cooper.	6			1883	55	75	1 30
Same for L. B. Flinn,	45	J. O. A. Cooper.	6			1883	25	75	1 00
Same for L. H. Epps,	45	J. O. A. Cooper.	6			1883	25	75	1 00
Same for D A French	45	J. O. A. Cooper.	6			1883	25	75	1 00
Hicks, Geo. R.	60	E. Apperson.	1			1884	1 75	85	2 60
Boudinot, Mary			3	1	Old Hickman.	1884	2 05	85	2 90
Botts, Andrew hrs,			3	1	East Hickman.	1884	15	75	90
Cook, Jasper wife	170	M. Eberhart.	3			1884	1 00	80	1 80
Carpenter, Jas. F.			3	14	East Hickman.	1884	15	75	90
Griffin, G. W. hrs,			3	3	East Hickman,	1884	30	75	1 05
Gardner, Jno. A.			3	52	East Hickman.	1883-'84	1 60	80	2 40
Hays, Sam. hrs,			3	2	East Hickman.	1884	30	75	1 05
Lacy, Lavinia			3	1	Old Hickman.	1884	90	80	1 70
Mason, Mrs. Olevia			3	2	G A Hickman.	1884	60	75	1 35
Middleton, E. C.			3	1	East Hickman.	1884	15	75	90
Stewart & Bro.	125	Wm. Tally.	3			1884	1 75	85	60
Willett, G. W. F.			3	1	Old Hickman.	1884	15	75	90
Grief, Elisha	87	Robt. Binford.	6			1884	5 25	1 05	6 30
Walker, Matt	100	Mrs. Ann Beard.	6			1884	7 16	1 40	8 56
French, Dan hrs,	80	J. A. Brigganee.	6			1884	45	75	1 20

March 18, 1885

W. C. JOHNSON, S. F. C,

A LONG FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

WHAT?

Some one to sell Clothing as cheap as the closest buyer could ask it.

AND NOW WE HAVE IT.

PLAUT has knocked the bottom out of Prices, and is offering all Wool Suits from $6.00 to $9.00, former Prices $10.00@$15.00.

WHY?

Because we have a large Stock of Clothing, all sizes and qualities; and to close them out, prices must be in accordance with the times. Competitors will tell you that we cannot sell all Wool Suits at the prices mentioned, but come and see for yourself, and if prices and Goods are not as represented, money will be refunded.

THE LOWEST PRICE HOUSE IN HICKMAN,

Plaut Bros. & Co.

Who Made the Low Prices?

Furniture!

WE announce to our friends and the public generally, that we have just received an immense stock of all kinds of Furniture, and solicit the trade of parties wishing to buy. We can show all styles of Furniture in plain and fancy. Also, a fine line of

Undertaker's Goods.

We propose to make our prices to suit the spirit of the times. You can rest assured you need never leave our house to look for *cheaper* goods. We propose to sell as *low* as any retail Furniture store in the "Purchase.

Very respectfully,

T. F. WILBURN & CO.

Store rooms in new Odd Fellows building.

All kinds of Repairing done on short notice, and in a workmanship style. Also we are prepared to give special inducements as

Contractors and Builders of Houses.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Again we make special notice of the immense stock of new Spring Goods, consisting of the latest styles and novelties, Silk and Lace

Neckwear, Hamburg Embroideries, Torchon Laces, &c.

Also, fine and cheap

Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Lawns, Ginghams, Reversible Suitings, Etc., Etc.

We are sole agents for the American Hand-sewed Shoe Company, for Men's Ladies and Children's wear—they are certainly the best and prettiest Shoes ever brought to this market, and will give satisfaction. Our stock of

Spring Clothing

cannot be surpassed; it is all custom-made and will fit perfectly, and is much cheaper than the usual price. We have the latest styles of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats. The best quality of Flour and other Family Groceries, constantly kept in stock. Now is the time to get good bargains and good selections. Call and examine our stock and you will be convinced that our advertisement is not a fable.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

J. W. COWGILL,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES &c., &c., &c.	NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES	Trusses AND Abdominal Supports PAINTS AND OILS, &c., &c., &c.

Prescriptions filled at any hour, day or night. Ring night bell after 10 o'clock P. M.

RELIABLE.

The old, popular and always reliable Hardware house of

R. B. BREVARD,

Has a splendid stock of the very best makes of all kinds of Hardware which are offered at

ONE PRICE,

and that the very lowest the market justifies. All goods guaranteed to be exactly as represented.

ROOFING.

The best roof for the least money. Experienced workmen employed. The attention of builders especially desired as this house will give special inducements. Correspondence solicited.

R. B. BREVARD.

NEW CARPETS, NEW CARPETS,

AT H. BUCHANAN'S,

Just received, an entirely new and elegant line of Carpets, embracing the following lines: Extra Tapestry Brussels, all Wool Three-Ply, C. C. Three-Ply, Kidderminsters, all Wool and C. C. Two-Ply; also a full line of Hemp Carpets and Hemp Matting, Floor Oil Cloth, Jute Stair Carpets, Fancy Matting, Rugs to match Carpets, Door Mats. Also a full line of Lace Curtains, Curtain Rods, Curtain Rings, Mosquito Bars, &c.
These Goods are all entirely new and fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be very much below all former prices. Call and see them

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

A Fight at the National.

Ex-Congressman, Oscar Turner and Mr. Rhey Boyd, of Kentucky, came near having a serious difficulty at the National Hotel to-day. Mr. Boyd charges Col. Turner with being instrumental in defeating him for the Chilian mission. They met in the hotel door-way, and Boyd clutched at Turner and denounced him in the most abusive manner. A bystander caught Boyd by the arm and prevented blows. Col. Turner passed on, saying to Boyd that he wanted nothing to do with him. Later Col. Turner and his son met Mr. Boyd and his friends in the ticket office and the trouble was renewed by Boyd. But this time a policeman interfered and prevented bloodshed. There was talk of a challenge from Boyd to Turner to-night, but the war cloud had blown over at midnight.—[Nashville American.

The Washington correspondent of the Paducah Standard denies that Col. Turner filed the charges against Boyd. Another report says that Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams preferred the charges against him. Hal. Turner, the son of Col. Turner, publishes a card, justifying his father, and asserts his willingness to give Boyd any "satisfaction" he may desire. They are both young men, and the end may not be yet. Mr. Boyd, interviewed, after the publication of young Turner's card, states that he made his denunciations in the presence of and to young Turner, and that he failed to resent it, and claims that he never published the card until after he (Boyd) had left Washington. So here it goes.

THE Philadelphia [illegible] says the English and Russians are making faces at each other. This may be true, but calling out the reserves, mobilizing army corps, setting all the armories in motion day and night with extra forces, giving big contracts to private firms for firearms, purchasing a year's supplies for 100,000 men and hiring fleets of high-price passenger steamships for transport service is rather an expensive caper. There should be a good-sized pot at stake to justify such a bluff.

A significant break of the negroes from the Republican party seems to be taking place in Texas. President Cleveland's Administration is so different from what these deluded people had been assured by their Republican leaders that a Democratic Administration would be, that the reaction which was inevitable has already commenced, and the blacks are fast finding how they have been hoodwinked and abused by the Republican politicians.

OUR State debt is increasing, and our taxes increasing. This is the result of bad management and careless expenditures. The mission of the State Democracy is to correct these abuses. If the Democracy fails to select members of the Legislature pledged to these reforms, it must stand condemned before the people.

THE papers are mentioning the name of Major Henry Hale, of Mayfield, for State Treasurer. There is not a better qualified man for the position in Kentucky, than Major Hale. There is no objection, known to us, to the present worthy incumbent, but if "rotation" in office is the programme, hurrah for Hale.

—Our fellow county man, P. J. Oliver, is announced in this issue as a candidate for the Legislature. He is a farmer, well known, popular, and in our judgment would make a conservative, prudent, sensible and business member. He will be well supported.

—Dr. F. M. Usher, of this county, who is in Florida, for his health, is said to be improving.

A Man of the People.

Wickliffe Journal.]

To the credit of Capt. W. J. Stone, Member of Congress from this district, be it said that he takes the utmost care of all letters and petitions sent him asking office, as it is his desire to give all a fair and honest consideration before deciding for whom he will work.

ROW IN ROWAN.

Civil War in Kentucky.

Another factional war has been prevailing in Rowan county, this State, between two factions, known as the Toliver and Martin factions, in which a number have been killed and the whole county held in terror, the civil law suspended, and the strong arm of the State militia involved. The town of Morehead has been the scene of the bloodiest operations, and many business men and citizens compelled to flee the country for safety. The Toliver faction, numbering about 200, armed and equipped, took possession of one part of the town, and the Martin faction, about the same number, held possession of the other portion. For days the shooting and fighting was kept up, and everybody, even children, in the least connected with the opposing families, went upon the streets at their peril.

The feud originated at the last August election, about the Sheriff's race, and while politics really had nothing to do with the election or subsequent killings, the line is now marked somewhat by the politics of the two leaders, the Tolivers being Democrats and the Martins Republicans. There has been no political issue at any time involved, but a row occurred on election day in which several were killed, and from time to time since retaliatory killings have been going on. The Democratic candidate carried the county by only 11 votes, which would indicate that the factions judged by party lines are pretty evenly divided. Last week, however, the Tolivers grew too strong for the Martins, and drove them from the town.

Certain citizens and officials waited on the Governor and petitioned for the militia. The Governor constituted a peace commission, composed of Secretary Mc[illegible] Castleman, [illegible] the county to ascertain the facts of the trouble so that they could properly advise the authorities. The Tolivers held possession, but readily entered into a written agreement to cease hostilities and surrender to the civil authorities, provided the Martin faction would do the same. The Martin side contended that they could not trust the Tolivers, and that no fair trials could be had except under the protection of the State militia; but finally acceded to the compromise, and signed the agreement. So it is believed peace will be restored. In the meantime the Governor has ordered three companies of State Guards to be in readiness, in case hostilities do not cease.

Call at the tent and see samples of PHOTOGRAPHS.
WEATHERFORD & SWAN.

Cuba.

Mr. Jay Gould's return from his yacht cruise to Cuba has brought out a report that he contemplates "buying up" that island, and his visit was for the purpose of inspecting it and determining its value. It is said that the great railroad owner was behind the treaty recently negotiated with Spain for reciprocity of trade between Cuba and Porto Rico and the United States. It was estimated that that treaty, by removing the duty on Cuban sugar imported into this country, would yield the island $35,000,000 a year. It is not impossible that Mr. Gould's sharp, practical eye was caught by these brilliant figures, and that he has meditated the acquisition of a bit of real estate that may be made to pay such a dividend. It is a striking illustration of the growth of individual fortunes in this country, in the last twenty years, that Mr. Gould is able to buy the island if he wants it, and its Spanish owners are willing to sell it. He is actually worth more than the Gem of the Antilles, with all its plantations, cities, harbors, castles and forts, with its 1,500,000 population thrown in, and he could purchase it at a fair valuation and have half his fortune left.

Hon. H. S. Hale.

From the Paducah News.]

We publish to-day a call on the Hon. H. S. Hale, of Graves county, to become a candidate for State Treasurer. The fitness and qualifications of Major Hale for this place are well known to all in Western Kentucky. As Senator from the counties of Graves, Hickman and Fulton from 1871 to 1875 he made a reputation as a financier and man of integrity and business qualifications that gave to him a leading place in the Senate and House. He has since been elected by the stock-holders President of the First National Bank, of Mayfield, and has so well managed its affairs that every stock-holder, depositor and farmer has unbounded confidence in him.

BABIES PICTURES in one second by
WEATHERFORD & SWAN.

WILL HARRISON FIGHT LOGAN?

The Senator Calls Chicago's Best Mayor a Liar, a Poltroon and a Coward.

CHICAGO, April 5.—The political excitement incidental to the municipal election of Tuesday next has been intensified to fever heat by the attack made last night upon Mayor Carter Harrison by Gen. John A. Logan. A few nights ago at a large Democratic meeting the Mayor openly charged that some little time prior to the trial of Mackin and Gallagher for election frauds, certain parties connected with the prosecution had offered to provide a loop-hole for the escape of the defendants upon condition that Mackin should secure the co-operation of a sufficient number of Democratic members of the Legislature to enable the Republicans to secure a majority on joint ballot. United States District Attorney Tuthill and Gen. Logan were mentioned as being privy to the alleged scheme. Last night Gen. Logan spoke to an immense meeting of Republicans at Battery D armory. His address was a merciless arraignment of Harrison's administration, and when he came to the Mayor's speech he became greatly excited. Suddenly he paused for a moment, and then raising his voice he shouted:

"I denounce Mayor Harrison as uttering an infamous, villianous falsehood. He is a vile, infamous liar, a poltroon and a coward."

For a moment the audience sat speechless. Then there was a murmur of surprise, followed by round after round of applause. When quiet had been restored Gen. Logan again advanced to the front of the platform, and said in stentorian tones:

"I again pronounce Harrison a vile, infamous slanderer, [illegible] remark that the press m[illegible] correctly, and that I may not be misunderstood."

He then took his seat. In what manner, if any, Mayor Harrison will respond to this attack is not yet known, but there is an unconfirmed report that he has addressed a letter to Gen. Logan, demanding an apology and retraction. The matter creates a great sensation, especially at political headquarters. It is an interesting fact that while Gen. Logan was speaking, Mayor Harrison was repeating his charges at a North Side meeting, and reading an affidavit from a member of the Legislature in corroboration.

Surrenders to the Majority.

Up in Elliott the Democrats are numerous. Before the election last fall Jack Spraddin, a Republican, was postmaster at Martinsburg. After it became known that Cleveland was elected the Republican postmaster "boxed" his appurtenances and carried them to one Oppenheimer, a good Democrat, and told him that as his party had won he had no disposition to deny it any of the fruits of the victory; and as he knew him to be a good Democrat, he chose him as his successor, and dumped the honors, emoluments and traps of the office into the crowded shop and willing hands of a faithful Democrat, who under no higher or better commission holds and now controls the Martinsburg postoffice.—[Ex.

Blaine For President in 1888.

Special to the Courier-Journal.]

ATLANTA GA., Apr. 2.—Mr. John M. Adams, of Portland, Maine, is in the city on his way to New Orleans. Regarding Mr. Blaine's future plans he said: "Blaine will head the Republican ticket again. He is the head of the Republican machine and you may expect to see him put in for the head of the ticket. There are many reasons why he will run. He is working busily and his friends will argue that in New York he polled a larger vote than any Republican ever polled before. He is complimenting Cleveland and is getting some of his friends to compliment him, in hope that Cleveland will do something that will drive off part of his Democratic constituency.

Jefferson Davis to Grant.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.]

NEW YORK, April 5.—General Grant received on Saturday a letter of sympathy from Jefferson Davis, which was gratifying to him and touched him very deeply. "If," said Mr. Davis, "the prayers and good wishes of all those in the South who honor and respect Gen. Grant could avail, he would conquer the dread antagonist with whom he is now contending just as triumphantly as he overcame the antagonists with whom he contended twenty years ago."

The President is thinking of making a Southern trip in May. He has been asked to go to Atlanta and is not averse to the proposition.

On the Isthmus.

The news of the destruction of Aspinwall, on the Isthmus, by the revolutionists, warns us that they are in earnest. They burned the place to prevent its capture by the government troops. It is said the whole city was destroyed except the Pacific Mail company's dock, some of the railroad property and the canal property. The shipping in the harbor was not injured and the United States war ship Galena was crowded with refugees from the city, destitute of food and shelter. Aspinwall or Colon, as it is sometimes called, is the eastern terminus of the isthmus railway, and the eastern starting point of the Lesseps canal. It was a small place with a limited trade up to the time the canal work began, when its population was trebled by the army of laborers, engineers, officials and traders attracted by the canal. The destruction of the place will probably seriously interfere with the work on the canal and prove a great inconvenience to the traffic across the isthmus. This Colombian revolution, like a hundred others that have preceded it in the Spanish-American states south of us, exhibits only a capacity for wanton destruction. In the last century hundreds of thousands of lives have been lost and hundreds of millions of property destroyed in these detestable outbreaks; and yet, the Spanish-American people have not advanced a single step in the task of self-government, nor contributed anything substantial to civilization.

The Americans at Colon complain that the foreign fleets have done nothing to protect them and their property, and the government at Washington seems to think that our ships there have not been as active as the circumstances demanded, for the Secretary of the navy, in a di[illegible] to Comm[illegible] [illegible] of American [illegible] implied in these word[illegible] ed to be done by you to [illegible] extent of the force under your command." This clearly means that our fleet is to be held to the performance of its whole duty in the disturbances on the isthmus.

Another Lincoln Story.

Elizabethtown News.]

"Mr. Cleveland shaves himself," is a piece of news which some Washington correspondent has had the enterprise to send out. This reminds us of a story told of Lincoln while he was President. One day a distinguished diplomat made a hurried call on the President, and found him in his shirt sleeves blacking his boots. The foreigner, in a tone of the greatest astonishment, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Lincoln, in my country no gentleman ever blacks his own boots." Old Abe spat on the brush, looked up calmly, and asked: "Well, whose boots do they black, then?"

Smallest Number of Failures For the Year.

The failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., are the smallest chronicled in any week since the year 1885 commenced. In the United States there were 197, and in Canada 34, or a total of 231, as against 277 last week, and 256 the week previous to the last. Three-fourths of the failures are furnished by Western, Southern and Pacific States. In New York City the assignments are light and few.

The Treasury statement of April 1 is published in two forms in order to show the position as it is, according to the views of Mr. Manning and his expert accountant, and the position as it would have appeared according to the previous system of book-keeping. By the old form the balance in general reserve is $153,000,000 and by the new it is $22,000,000. The difference is made by the definite separation of $100,000,000 from the new fund of the Treasury as a reserve against the greenbacks, and by the withdrawal of $31,000,000 subsidiary silver from the reserve.

All the great journals of the city of New York indorse the reappointment of Postmaster Pearson. The New York Evening Post gives the names of sundry leading Democrats who favored his retention. Mayor Grace, Abram Hewitt and Samuel J. Tilden are among the number.

The French war cry is "On to Pekin!" Thus far they have made little headway, the Celestials having received them with an overwhelming display of fireworks. We predict that Johnny Crapeau won't take tea in the capital of the flowery kingdom this season.

Canned Goods.

A new lot of all kinds of Jellies, Marrowfat Peas, String Beans, Peas, Tomatoes, Apples and Peaches, at
J. W. ROGERS'.

THE WAR CLOUD DISAPPEARING.

General Peace Prospects.

Last week the news from every direction looked war like. War between England and Russia, involving the principal powers of Europe. War between France and China, in Central America, on the Soudan, in Canada, &c., &c. This week it looks like peace all around. If China accepts the terms of settlement proposed by the French, and the British Lion and the Russian Bear decide to growl no longer at each other, it will only remain for El Mahdi to propose terms upon which he and Her Majesty can agree in order to have perfect peace and prosperity on the other side of the ocean. A few days ago, when England was ordering beef by the 10,000,000 pounds from Chicago, and France was in a turmoil over her reverses in Tonquin, it looked as if at least one war was inevitable, and the financial and commercial world of America was beginning to make some estimate of what profit this country would realize from such an event. It was agreed at all hands that we would derive a temporary advantage, but the wise ones were of opinion that the reaction after a war would be disastrous to us. The news now comes that no other war than that now going on in Nubia is likely to take place. England and Russia are trying to compromise their difficulty, and China, in the face of her recent victory, is willing to accept the French terms.

While if there was a war it might be the means of enabling the United States to get rid of a good deal of surplus meat and grain, it would be much better for the world if peace prevailed in all the countries of the East.

Treasury Book Keeping

[illegible] been employed by [illegible] in their Departments, with the view of suggesting points where economy and administrative science may be promoted. The Secretary of the Treasury has two details thus engaged. The first, composed of three prominent employes who by political classification number two Republicans and one Democrat, to canvass suggestions leading to the improvement and increased economy of the clerical service. The second is an outsider, a Mr. Conard, N. Jordan, Cashier of the Third National Bank of New York, in which, by the way, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is a director. It is the task of this gentleman to canvass the relations between the operative methods of the Treasury Department and the law, including the national balance sheet published every month, the system of Treasury book-keeping, etc. It is to be the business of this expert to study the propriety of certain changes, which may appear, perhaps, hereafter in the regular statements as mere modifications of form, but which will be of considerable practical significance.

The Republican Senators.

It was solemnly ludicrous to see the Republican majority in the Senate holding one caucus after another to decide how they could thwart the administration, and adjourning, at last, and going home with their thumbs in their mouths. These Republican Senators do not relish the business of confirming appointments of Democrats to office. They are not used to it, and it comes awkward to them. How it must wrench such estimable members of the grand old party as Senators Hoar, Edmunds and Sherman to vote day after day to confirm "rebel brigadiers" and "Northern copperheads" to first-class foreign missions and responsible bureauships at home! And yet there is no help for it. They looked into the matter and held long and anxious consultations to see if there was not some way out of the disagreeable task; but there wasn't. Their consultations resulted in the discovery that when the Republicans lost the Presidency they lost all—and when the Democrats gained it, they gained all—and the only thing left to Republican Senators is to do what Democratic Senators have been doing in the last twenty years—make the best of it.

Negroes Starving in Kansas.

LAWRENCE, Ks., April 4.—Two miles from this city, recently, a family of eleven negroes named Fonson were found starving. Three have died and another is not expected to live.

The Prohibitionists are in the field in Kentucky—which is all right. They won't crowd that field any, or crush the fences either.

President Cleveland is not turning out the old timers in office as was expected; but he is putting in men that no country can be ashamed of.

The Republican Prophets.

Nothing can be more diverting than the attempt of the Republican press to turn every little incident at Washington into the beginning of a break between Democrats and the administration, and the undaunted perennial freshness with which they return to their silly predictions after each successive one has been falsified. When the renomination of Pearson to be postmaster at New York was sent in, the Republican papers were sure the break had come at last—and the attractive head lines, double-leaded paragraphs and long solemn editorials with which they greeted the nomination were a sight to behold. The old Democratic leaders, they told us, were tired of all this civil-service reform nonsense, and openly hostile to a president who was half a Republican. They would rise in rebellion. "Democratic Senators will fight Pearson's nomination, while Republicans will stand aside and enjoy the row."

But the quarrel didn't come. The rebellion didn't break out. When the Pearson nomination came up in the Senate, it was almost unanimously confirmed, and the whole affair passed off without a ripple of excitement, and what is more, there was no outburst of wrath from the Democratic press and party.

Weather Observations.

In March we had 9 clear days, 6 cloudy days, and 16 days partially clear; there was one clear Sunday during the month; on the 11th and 12th light rains; on the 14th rain, with thunder and slight hail; 26th rain with thunder; 28th, rain and sleet; snow fell on the 8th, 17th, 21st and 28th. There were some very cold days, but less wind than usual for March.

Proof Positive.

From the Tyler (Tex.) Democrat.]

When a newspaper wants to kill a man right dead it begins to groom him for an office about a year or more before an election.

The Supreme Court of Kentucky has been the first tribunal to render a decision on a contract made by telephone. In the opinion of the Court such a contract is valid when the conversation is held in the hearing of witnesses who can testify as to the identity of both parties.

The report of the extreme illness of Hon. Jefferson Davis proves to have been unfounded in fact. He is suffering from rheumatism, and an old foot wound received in Mexico, but is not in any danger of dying.

There is a pretty good sized rebellion in Manitoba, and our Canadian brethren are on the war path after one Riel, the leader of the insurrection.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale at MOORE & LANDRUM'S

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

We are Wholesale Headquarters for all grades of

CHEWING, SMOKING TOBACCO and CIGARS

and will job to dealers only at Factory prices; also the

Dental Scotch and Superior Scotch Snuff,

the best in the market. We also keep constantly on hand a choice selection of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
AND FRUITS,

which we will sell very low for the cash. Please call and see us.

FUQUA & DeBOW.

For the Legislature.

We are authorized to announce P. J. OLIVER as a candidate to represent Hickman and Fulton in the next General Assembly of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

The Russians have systematically persecuted the Jews for a long time, and now, when Russia is "hard up" and wants to borrow, the money-lending Israelites refuse to open their purse-strings. This is a verification of the old adage that "every dog has his day."

THE BARTER GROCERY.

MR. J. M. MONTGOMERY, announces to his friends and the public that he has opened a new and fresh supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is ready at all times to exchange Groceries at cash prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, or any kind of marketing that the farming friends may bring in. The highest market price always paid.

J. M. MONTGOMERY & BRO.

SALE AND LIVERY STABLE

FARIS & PARKER,
KENTUCKY STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand for hire and sale HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.

Having purchased the stable, horses and entire outfit of W. B. Plummer we propose to continue the business, and solicit patronage.

W. DIESTELBRINK
Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods. Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky.

FAMILY GROCERY
H. C. JUDGE.
(DAVIS' OLD STAND.)

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, TEAS,
MINCE-MEAT, PICKLES
CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS

LIQUORS,
Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

M. L. KNOERR,
(Hickman, Ky., Clinton Str.)

GROCERIES
AND
CONFECTIONERIES.

F. E. CASE,
DEALER IN
Family Groceries;
AND ALSO,

Nets, Seines, Lines, Hooks, and all kind of Fishing Tackle and Supplies, at a bargain. Groceries and Family Supplies generally.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.
JOHN WITTING.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF

WAG ONS,

Hickman, Kentucky.

THE OLD RELIABLE
CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS,
HICKMAN, KY.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale, directed to me, which issued from the Clerk's office of the Fulton Circuit Court, in favor of Kinney, McLaughlin & Co., et als, against J. R. Brown; I, or one of my Deputies, will on Monday, the 13th day of April, 1885, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door in Hickman, Fulton County, Ky., expose to PUBLIC SALE, to the highest bidder, the following property, to wit: Lots No. 203 to 226 inclusive, Block 7 East Hickman, Ky., Except 65 feet on the East side thereof, levied upon as the property of J. R. Brown.

TERMS:—Sale will be made on a credit of three months, bond with approved security required, bearing interest at the rate of ——per cent. per annum, from day of Sale, and having the force and effect of a Replevin Bond.

W. A. SHUCK, Shff. Fulton Co.
March, 23, 1885.

Commissioner's Sale.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Moses Amberg, Plaintiff,
Against } Equity.
C. Ledwidge, &c., Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August term thereof, 1876, (and supplemental judgment rendered February term, 1885), in the above cause, for the sum of four hundred and four dollars and seven cents, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 28th day of February, 1885, until paid, and $69.60 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 13th day of April, 1885, at 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts, (being County Court day), upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit: The following described tract of land in Fulton county, Kentucky, viz: The north side of the southwest quarter of section six, township one, range four west, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a large cypress and oak in Bayou du Chien bottom, running thence W. 170 poles to a sweetgum, elm and maple; thence south 89½ poles to a small elm, hornbeam and crooked wood; thence east 170 poles to three small ash, dogwood and large hickory; thence north 89½ poles to the beginning, containing eighty-nine and one-half acres. Or sufficient thereof to produce the sum of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price, the purchaser with approved surety or securities, must execute bonds, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Balance on judgment	$404.07
Interest to day of [illegible]	[illegible]
Costs in this action	[illegible]
Amount to be raised	$476 59

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

Commissioner's Sale.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

J. W. Finch, Guardian, Pl'ff.,
Against } Equity.
On Petition Ex Parte Def'ts.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the February term thereof, 1885, in the above cause, (this sale being made for division between joint owners), I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 13th day of April, 1885, at 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts (being County Court day), upon a credit of six months, the purchaser having the privilege of paying the purchase price in cash, the following described property, to-wit: The following tracts of land in Fulton county, Kentucky, viz: A part of the N. E. quarter of section 4, township 1, range 4 west, and known as lot No. 5 in the Commissioner's Report of division of the lands of B. W Easley, deceased, bounded as follows Beginning at the N. W. corner of lot No. 3; thence west 55 poles to a stake; thence south 72 8–11th poles to a stake; thence to N. W. corner of lot No. 4; thence east 55 poles to a stake; thence north 1 degree east 72 8–11th poles to the beginning, containing twenty-five acres. Also, an undivided one-tenth part of the undivided half of the east ½ of the S. E. quarter of section 4, township 1, range 5 west. For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

Commissioner's Sale.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

H. A. Tyler, Plaintiff,
Against } Equity.
T. E. & Corinne Gleeson, Def'ts.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the February term thereof, 1885, in the above cause, for the sum of five hundred and eighty-nine dollars and eighty cents, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 28th day of February, 1885, until paid, and $48.20 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the court house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 13th day of April, 1885, at 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts (being County Court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit: East Hickman vicinity lots Nos. 92 and 98, as known and designated upon the plan or map of East Hickman, Ky. and vicinity, in Fulton county, Kentucky. Or sufficient thereof to produce the sum of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Amount of judgment	$589.80
Interest to day of sale	4.85
Costs in this action	48 20
Amount to be raised	$642.85

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

FETHE'S SALOON,
A PLEASANT RESORT.

FRESH BEER constantly on tap. Cigars and Tobacco, of the best brands. Patronage solicited.

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